

The Nation and The Athenæum

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva last week will be chiefly remembered for the denunciation of the Protocol by Mr. Austen Chamberlain as the spokesman of the British Government. The British memorandum was unexpectedly and unnecessarily controversial in tone, and bore traces of Lord Balfour's debating methods, but it was known beforehand that the British Government would not accept the Protocol, and Mr. Chamberlain had foreshadowed in the House of Commons the alternative policy of exploring the possibilities of the German proposal for a five-Power pact. On his homeward journey Mr. Chamberlain talked with M. Herriot on this theme, and it is at any rate clear that it will receive most serious international consideration. It is important therefore that discussion in this and other countries should be diverted as promptly as possible from the merits or demerits of the Protocol to the implications of the German scheme and the precise means by which it can be brought into intimate connection and complete harmony with the League Covenant. The British Government has, fortunately, intimated at once that no pact will be entertained which is not thus linked to Geneva, and it is essential therefore that Germany should enter the League before the project can be fully matured.

It should be recorded, however, that in spite of the drastic tenour of the British statement, other members of the Council adhered firmly to the views they had expressed on the Protocol at the last Assembly. The chief among these were naturally M. Briand and Dr. Benes, both of whom, the former in an almost impromptu speech, and the latter in a considered statement, subjected the details of Mr. Chamberlain's declaration to damaging criticism. The Spanish Delegate declared briefly that his country had signed the Protocol because it believed in it, and had since seen no reason to change its views. The two Latin Americans emphasized the value their countries attached to the principle of universal arbitration; the Japanese could say little, because his Government was still studying the Protocol, and M. Branting's successor, Dr. Unden, was in much the

same position, though he emphasized Sweden's faith in arbitration. The Italian hedged studiously, and M. Hymans, for Belgium, while reaffirming his belief in the principles of the Protocol, was obviously prepared to accept, with some enthusiasm, a regional pact as a first instalment. The immediate reaction at Geneva was perhaps reflected by the local cartoonist, who, having done good business in the first day or two of the Council's Sessions with a sketch entitled "The Funeral of the Protocol," set to work hastily later on a substitute entitled "The Resurrection."

One notable feature of the Council discussions was the extent to which they were dominated by questions directly or indirectly affecting Germany. In the main, the Council may be congratulated on its action in regard to these matters. The dangers latent in the question of League control of ex-enemy armaments, particularly of acceding to the French proposal for permanent posts in the demilitarized zones, were averted, both the British and Swedish Delegates declining absolutely to accept any such suggestion. The reply to the German Note on conditions of entry into the League was studiously conciliatory, pointing out, as it did, that though it was impossible to grant Germany the dispensation she asked for in connection with Article XVI. of the Covenant, she would, as a permanent member of the Council, be in a position to influence effectively any decisions as to how that article should be applied. The decisions regarding the Saar were better than might have been feared. Mr. Chamberlain had unfortunately assented in advance to the reappointment of the French member of the Commission as Chairman for one year more, but it appears to have been agreed definitely that the President to be appointed next year is in no circumstances to be French. It was announced that the number of French troops in the Saar, at present 1,800, is immediately to be reduced by the withdrawal of a battalion with a nominal strength of 500, and, at Mr. Chamberlain's instance, the Governing Commission was instructed to consider seriously whether the complete withdrawal of French troops across the frontier would not be possible at the end of this year. The Danzig post-box controversy has

been sent to the International Court, which is also to be asked to decide whether the League is competent to deal with the Greco-Turkish dispute over the expulsion of the Œcumenical Patriarch.

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The combined Navy, Army, and Air Estimates show an increase on the previous year due largely to readjustments of pay and to the fact that no further relief can be obtained from the use of surplus war stores. Only in the case of the Air Force is there actual expansion of strength. Mr. Bridgeman states, however, that proposals for new naval construction in the near future will be laid before Parliament when the present inquiry into standard strength is completed, and within the next few years the effect of the Singapore folly will be reflected in the naval vote. The present estimates will be closely scrutinized by the Opposition; but the point it seems to us most essential to clear up is the Government's attitude towards President Coolidge's desire for a new armament conference. It is becoming more and more clear that agreed limitation offers the only hope of permanent security against a renewal of armament competition, and our whole defence policy should be considered in the light of this fact. It is understood that the President is in favour of concentrating first on further naval limitation, but is anxious also to extend the discussion to air armaments. This seems to us to be the right line of approach. Limitation of land armaments is bound up with the problem of European "security." The limitation of the lighter naval types could, however, be secured by the Washington signatories if they were in earnest, and this would give an invaluable precedent for dealing with air forces. The Government should be firmly pressed as to how far their inquiry is directed to this end.

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On Tuesday in the House of Commons Sir Nicholas Grattan Doyle, and other enterprising Conservatives, attempted to exploit the confusion which unquestionably prevails in the Labour Party on the subject of Free Trade by moving a resolution deprecating "the unrestricted importation of foreign manufactured goods made under sweated or other conditions . . . inconsistent with the principles of British trade unionism." Dr. Hugh Dalton, the ablest of the new Labour Members, was put up to reply to this embarrassing attack, and from the tactical Labour standpoint, which requires that a categorical repudiation of tariffs should be coupled with enough scorn for Free Trade principles to satisfy the Clyde, he did his job very well. The Labour Party, he declared, "pinned considerable faith to the development of international Labour conventions for the solution of this problem"; and the prohibition of imports might be "a possible means" of putting pressure on a country "which did not conform to those conventions when once they were passed." This notion that there is a big potential rôle for international Labour conventions is, unfortunately, one of the hollowest of popular illusions. They may play a very useful part in securing the elimination of technical methods which are liable to cause disease. But it is obvious that there is no clear line of demarcation between wages which are "sweated" and wages which are low, and it is idle to suppose that differences in wage-levels between different countries, which have their roots in fundamental differences of national efficiency and circumstance, can be swept away by the method of agreement, based on the fallacious premiss that the workers' standards in high-wage countries are endangered by the fact that lower wages obtain elsewhere.

The obvious discomfort of Labour Free Traders in this matter springs from a confusion which they share with many other people between two phenomena which are fundamentally distinct. The interests of British workers and of British trade are prejudiced by anything irregular, anything "abnormal," to use Mr. Baldwin's Safeguarding phrase, in the conditions of foreign competition. If German wages are unduly low, in relation to the efficiency of German industry and to the general economic condition of Germany, German industrialists will gain a temporary competitive advantage, which may prove highly detrimental to our interests. It is not the fact that wages are lower in Germany than here that is the trouble; it is the fact that they are lower than they ought to be in Germany. We might suffer just as much from a similar maladjustment in America, which left American wages appreciably higher than our own. On the other hand, it does not injure us in the least that wages in a backward country should be on a scale which we should forbid as "sweated," provided that they are properly adjusted to the economic conditions of that country. In short, it is not the normal standards abroad—whether sweated or not—that matter to us; it is the departure from the normal, which disturbances of any kind introduce. We cannot fight such disturbances by tariffs, nor can we fight them by international conventions. The only true remedy is to promote the stability—political, financial, economic—of the world.

* * *

In the House of Lords last Tuesday, Lord Carson moved the second reading of his Bill for clipping the wings of moneylenders. His main proposals are to have moneylending cases taken in County Courts instead of the expensive superior Courts; to give the Post Office power to stop moneylenders' circulars, "as it now stops indecent, obscene, and other documents"; to create a presumption that interest exceeding 15 per cent. per annum is "harsh and unconscionable" and therefore irrecoverable at law; and to limit the lenders of amounts less than £20 to a rate of interest of 10 per cent. per annum instead of the 433½ per cent. which they habitually charge at present. Powerful support for the Bill was given by Lord Haldane, Lord Darling, and the Bishop of Southwark, and the Lord Chancellor intimated that the matter would be threshed out by a Joint Select Committee of the two Houses. The enormous number of moneylenders' circulars which now reach the ordinary householder tend to show that a highly lucrative business is in progress, and if anything can be done to protect the weak and foolish from their beguilements it should be done. The cost of litigation and its effect in denying justice to the poor, to which Lord Carson called attention, is an extremely serious evil extending far beyond the sphere of moneylending.

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Two important Near-Eastern matters are to come before the Ambassadors' Conference in Paris—the St. Naum dispute between Yugoslavia and Albania, and the request of the Bulgarian Government for permission to increase its army from the 20,000 allowed by the Treaty of Neuilly to 24,000. St. Naum (the Monastery and environs of Sveti Naum on Lake Ochrida) was originally promised to Yugoslavia by the Allies, but as the result of Albanian objections the matter subsequently passed into the hands of the Ambassadors' Conference. During the Fan Noli régime in Albania the situation was further complicated by the then Albanian Premier carrying the dispute to the League of Nations. The resumption of power in Albania by Ahmed Bey Zogu resulted in the St. Naum dispute being withdrawn from the competency

of the League and direct negotiations being opened up between the Governments at Belgrade and Tirana. These negotiations, which took place during the past month, failed to achieve a satisfactory result, and so the whole affair has reverted to the Ambassadors' Conference for final decision. The Bulgarian demand for an extra 4,000 troops has been put forward on the ground that the recent Communist activity in Bulgaria necessitates a larger army to deal with disorders. Both Greece and Yugoslavia fear that the demand has motives not necessarily connected with the Communist menace, owing to the well-known connection between the Military League and the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, which latter has been responsible both for the frontier troubles and the string of political murders in Bulgaria during recent weeks.

* * *

In casting the horoscope of the Disarmament Conference that Mr. Coolidge now seems likely to call we must not forget—as too many of us did when Mr. Wilson was at Paris—the dependence of an American President upon the goodwill of the Senate if his international policies are to become effective. President Harding induced that body to ratify the treaties consequent upon the Washington Conference of 1921. Will Mr. Coolidge be able to count on similar co-operation? At the moment the relations between President and Senate are more tautly strained than even during the Wilson régime. The President's nomination of Mr. C. B. Warren to the Attorney-Generalship has been twice rejected, although in the American system of government few conventions, as Dicey would have called them, have seemed more firmly established than the usage that the President shall be allowed absolute discretion in the choice of his Cabinet advisers. The deadlock has been ended by the nomination of a comparatively unknown man in place of Mr. Warren, but the incident has left both parties to the dispute in a mood which is of unlucky omen for any future transactions between them. The objection to Mr. Warren arose out of his close connection with a certain sugar trust which the Federal Trade Commission has recently reported for illegal practices. As one of the duties of the Department of Justice is to institute proceedings for breaches of the Anti-Trust Acts, it is held that its head, the Attorney-General, should be a man who lies under no such suspicions. No doubt the unsavoury record of this department under Mr. Daugherty has quickened the vigilance of many Senators and made them determined to prevent any risk of a repetition of the recent scandals.

* * *

We are glad to see both that the Canadian Government have consented to the Chamber of Shipping giving evidence before the Committee on Atlantic freight rates, and that the British Government have invited the Imperial Shipping Committee to hold an independent inquiry. Meanwhile Mr. G. P. Graham, the Canadian Minister of Railways, has stated that, whatever British policy may be, the Canadian Government are determined to establish control over ocean freights and to exercise that control in the interests of Canadian producers. Unfortunately, the shipping services between this country and Canada are not purely a Canadian interest. Control of freights is a very thorny problem, and the attempt to control them from one end is likely to have disastrous results. It was a recognition of the wide and varied interests involved in these questions that led to the establishment of the Imperial Shipping Committee for the purpose of reconciling the interests of shippers

and shipowners. It seems very unfortunate that the Canadian Government should have declared war on British shipowners before giving that Committee a chance to investigate the charges against them.

* * *

The reports issued by the Miners' Federation on the successive meetings which they held last week to promote a great alliance of railwaymen, transport workers, engineers, and shipbuilders, were somewhat monotonous in their repetition of the phrase "frank discussion." The word "frank" carries many alternative implications, and it is really impossible to estimate what progress, if any, was made towards the desired end: there are, however, to be further meetings. But meantime it is to be hoped that the rank and file of the Miners' Federation will not be content to leave the statistical facts as to their industry for digestion solely by their leaders. There is room for a really frank examination by all of the recently published financial results of the year 1924. From January to May, standard profits should under the old agreement have taken 15 per cent. of the divisible proceeds, and from May to December under the new agreement 12½ per cent. Actually over the whole year profits received just over 8 per cent. Only in the Eastern Area (Yorkshire, Notts and Derby, &c.) did profits receive more than 10 per cent.; for Lancashire the figure was only 4 per cent., and for South Wales under 3 per cent., while North Wales and Cumberland made a loss. Comparing the figures with those for previous years, the cause of the trouble is clearly shown to be the decline in the export trade since 1923: broadly speaking, the industry is where it was in 1922. Since the new agreement began last May, only three districts have made any profits at all, but this failure cannot be laid entirely or even mainly on the new agreement, despite its higher minimum for wages. Frank examination must convince the miners that even nationalization will not achieve much without the restoration of the export trade, and frank discussion with the Mining Association will yield more substantial results than much talk with other trade unions.

* * *

On Saturday last Mr. Pollitt, a leading Communist and Secretary of the National Minority Movement, proceeded by train from London to Liverpool to address a meeting. On Sunday evening he arrived back with a strange adventure to report. He stated that he had been forcibly removed from the train at Edge Hill, hustled off the station without anyone lifting a finger to help him, driven into North Wales, left at a hotel all night with men on guard at his bedside, and finally put into a London train at Shrewsbury. Many people found the tale difficult to believe when they first heard it; and it now appears that some people did not believe it even when they actually saw it happening, for the Home Secretary states that the railway officials at Edge Hill assumed that Mr. Pollitt must be legally under restraint. The true and obvious explanation of what they saw was too strange to their experience to occur to their minds. Civilization consists very largely in the well-founded assumption that a whole number of things which are theoretically possible will not in fact be attempted, and it is precisely this habitual assumption that makes a coup of this kind practicable. It is the sort of thing which can be done once because no one believes that it either will or can be done, but which anyone would find singularly difficult to do twice. But it ought not to have been attempted, and we hope that the authorities will take all possible pains to discover its perpetrators.

BRITAIN AND THE LEAGUE.

AT Geneva last week, Mr. Austen Chamberlain announced, as was expected, the definite refusal of the British Empire to ratify the Protocol, and indicated in broad outline the attitude of the British Government towards the problems which that document was designed to meet. It is more profitable, we think, to take stock of the new situation which has been created than to continue to discuss the merits of the Protocol or to dispute as to the fairness or tact of all the detailed objections to it which Mr. Chamberlain enumerated. The policy which has been unfolded in our name is by no means purely negative. Our Government has made it clear that it takes very seriously the proposals which have recently emanated from Germany, that it is anxious to follow these proposals up and see whether an acceptable arrangement cannot be built upon them, and that it is willing to contemplate, in this limited field, assuming the obligations of a guarantor. This is a policy which needs to be examined and discussed; but it deserves to be discussed on its merits. The German offer is a new development of first-rate international importance. It may lead to nothing, or it may lead to something dangerous, or it may lead back to more general security schemes, bearing some resemblance to the Protocol. But the attempt to follow it up is surely worth making, and it would be deplorable if League enthusiasts were to set themselves to crab it out of a partisan loyalty to the Protocol, which it is obvious that British public opinion is not ready to accept.

It is important, above all, that the situation should be considered in an atmosphere reasonably free from party faction. In view of the hesitation and incoherence of view which exists in every party, there is no real excuse for dragging in the party note at all. Unfortunately, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has made it clear that he means to drag it in in its crudest form. The Protocol, he told his Fulham audience last week-end, was "one of the great performances the Labour Government had worked for." The present Government had rejected it "simply because the Labour Party had agreed to it." He had never known "such a pettifogging examination of great historical documents" as Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech. To this the obvious retort is that those parts of Mr. Chamberlain's speech to which the term "pettifogging" might fairly be applied are identical in tone and substance with Mr. MacDonald's own official letter rejecting the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance; and this is the retort that will certainly be made next Tuesday in the House of Commons, if Mr. MacDonald talks there in his present strain. What is the point of provoking such recriminations? Mr. MacDonald knows well enough that his Government exposed Britain to general derision at Geneva by its remarkable *volte-face* from Lord Parmoor's initial standpoint, which amounted to a repudiation of the warlike commitments of the Covenant, to an amiable readiness to extend their range enormously. He knows that Lord Parmoor's original attitude is strongly entrenched in the Labour Party, and that from a less extreme standpoint many people, both within his party and outside it, especially those who share his view that "sooner or later some of the Versailles frontiers must be revised," regard the proposed extension of our commitments with grave and genuine misgiving. He knows that the discussion has been carried on in a serious spirit, and that critics of the Protocol have studiously refrained from using it as a stick to beat Labour with. He knows, in short, that there is no subject which is more grotesquely inappropriate as a party cry. It is difficult to believe, indeed, that he can hope to extract much party capital from it. The trouble with Mr. MacDonald is that he suffers in an extreme degree from that besetting infirmity of ex-Prime Ministers, a disposition to approach every question from the standpoint of exalting their own past records. His vanity is invested in the Protocol, and the bare suggestion that some other plan should be considered is intolerable to him. We would appeal to him, in all friendliness—for he is a man whose judgment, when he is free from the bias of

vanity, is generally fair and sound—to recognize that the problem of security is too vital and too difficult to be treated in this spirit.

There is one immense advantage in the decision of the British Government to concentrate for the time being on exploring the possibilities of the German offer. It brings in Germany for the first time as a partner in the preparation and authorship of security schemes. The Protocol could never have made for peace if Germany had remained outside it and outside the League. Indeed, to judge from some obscure passages in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's recent utterances, the probable adherence of Germany was in his mind an essential condition of the acceptability of the Protocol. But it is not really wise to assume so complacently that Germany can easily be induced to associate herself later on with any plan that Geneva may devise. The Protocol might in practice have proved an additional and a formidable obstacle to Germany's joining the League at all. And even if Germany after an interval of time had joined the League and ratified the Protocol, there must always have remained a measure of doubt as to how far she was a willing subscriber to it. Any scheme which may emerge as the result of negotiations to which she has been a party, and which have proceeded from her initiative, will impose upon her a far deeper moral obligation;—a consideration which is of the first importance, in view of the fact that it is mainly against German aggression that "security" is declared to be an urgent need.

This consideration is, in our judgment, sufficient to outweigh the objection that the negotiation of a limited pact through other than League channels must tend to be detrimental to the League's prestige. It is, indeed, vital that any regional agreement that may be reached should be linked up closely with the League. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, fortunately, has left no doubt that this is a cardinal point with the British Government. This will certainly necessitate Germany's entry to the League as an integral part of the whole arrangement. Germany's objection to some of the provisions of Article 16 of the Covenant may prove a stumbling-block here—for the objection is a very reasonable one in the present international atmosphere, and yet it is very difficult to meet. But the best chance of overcoming such difficulties is in connection with negotiations designed to provide for the stability of Western Europe, in which Germany herself participates with a sincere desire to bring them to a successful issue.

A mutual pact of the type proposed is entirely free from the fatal objection to all projects for special alliances between ourselves and France, that they would tend to perpetuate the division of Europe into the two camps of the victors and the vanquished in the late war. It is as free from this objection as the Covenant of the League itself. Nor is there anything inimical to the League idea in the principle of undertakings given by certain Powers alone in respect of certain defined areas. The feeling that the League "sanctions" would have more reality if they could be thus limited and defined was indeed one of the motives that led to the formulation of the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance; and we are at least as likely to get a satisfactory application of this principle by starting from concrete cases as by starting from a general plan.

Are there any other objections to the principle of a regional pact? There is one that will need to be carefully weighed. A warlike guarantee given to one or two Powers alone is apt to carry with it an implication which adherence to a universal guarantee does not carry—namely, that the guarantor has the strength, and will maintain the strength, to make his guarantee effective. Under the German proposal we should guarantee France against direct aggression from Germany. We should equally guarantee Germany against aggression from France. Are we in a position to make that latter guarantee effective? Obviously, our Army is far too small to throw into the scales against the enormous military preponderance of France. We should need, therefore, to limit our promises to naval, financial, and economic assistance. Doubtless it would be useful to Germany to have our promise, so limited; but it would

not save her from destruction if a war were to occur with a military position at all like the present, and in such circumstances we should not cut a happy figure. Might not the natural desire to avoid the humiliations of such a position exercise a distorting influence on our diplomacy; lead us, for example, to support insincere French "interpretations" of the Treaty of Versailles, which otherwise we should have frankly challenged? Is there not a danger, in short, that it might make our foreign policy more subservient than ever to that of France? We are far from saying that this is a fatal objection to the whole idea of a limited pact; but it makes it important to walk warily.

It is very likely, of course, that it will prove impossible to construct anything on the basis of the German proposals which will be acceptable both to France and Britain. The old Polish difficulty, which fortunately enough wrecked the Coalition project of a Franco-British alliance, has still to be reckoned with. Britain is certainly not prepared to guarantee the existing territories of Poland. France is afraid not so much of a direct attack upon herself, as of an attack on Poland whom she is pledged to defend; and she is apt to argue that a guarantee which does not extend to Poland is worthless to her. Poland has already raised an outcry against the German proposals, professing to find a serious menace in the distinction which Germany draws between her Western and her other frontiers. This indignation on the part of Poland is worth a little scrutiny. Germany offers to accept the Franco-German frontier as finally determined by the Treaty of Versailles; as regards her other frontiers, she offers a pledge that she will only seek to rectify them by peaceful means. Poland may, of course, suspect the good faith of the latter offer; though the fact that Germany should make this distinction is evidence rather of good faith than of bad. But she appears to claim that the bare possibility that her frontiers might be called in question through the procedure of the League or any other peaceful channel—not only just now (for Germany has made it clear that she has no present intention of forcing any frontier issue) but at any time—should be ruled out as contrary to international comity. This attitude is doubtless very natural, but it cannot be accepted; and it tends to confirm the misgivings we have expressed as to the effect which the Protocol might have had on Poland and other countries similarly circumstanced.

But the Polish difficulty is a real one, and it cannot, in our judgment, be disposed of unless it is made clear where we stand in respect of the more general question of League "sanctions." The Covenant does not leave Poland without protection. It does not, it is true, give her any permanent guarantee of her present territories, but it imposes upon any State which wishes to vary them the obligation to submit its case to a prolonged process of inquiry, conciliation, and so forth, which, if it were really complied with, could fairly be trusted to secure Poland from predatory attack, if she showed herself at all amenable to world opinion. Would this obligation be complied with? The Covenant places "sanctions" behind it. Can these sanctions be relied on? Does Great Britain, in particular, mean business about them? That is a question upon which considerable doubt has inevitably been thrown by the fluctuating British attitude towards sanctions in recent years; and doubt upon this question must necessarily exercise a profound influence on the whole problem.

We have frequently declared our view that we should be ready, and should make it clear that we are ready, to honour the existing warlike commitments of the Covenant. In this respect, the tenour of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech was satisfactory, though he might with advantage have been more categorical. If we make our general intention clear under this head, there is much to be said for the British view that further attempts to strengthen the Covenant are to be deprecated. As Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, the framers of the Covenant knew what they were about; the gaps in its provisions were deliberately left open, and it is not easy to close them without "destroying its balance and altering its spirit."

THE CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF INDIA.

LAST week Sir Robert Horne gave a Glasgow audience his view of the Indian question. Sir Robert is not in the habit of talking insincerely, so we may fairly take what he said as a faithful representation of the Conservative attitude towards India. Sir Robert stands by the letter of the Reforms, but their spirit is not his. He evidently regards our hold upon India as a valuable asset, and he is therefore ready to accept as conclusive any evidence that tends to justify us in refusing to relax our hold. There is, of course, no lack of evidence of this kind, and he produces it and draws his conclusion with enviable confidence. He tells us of the size of India, of the internecine wars that raged before the establishment of our Raj, of differences of caste and race, and of the age-long quarrel between the Muslim and the Hindu. He infers that it is as foolish to speak of giving Home Rule to India as it would be to speak of giving Home Rule to Europe; he can imagine no future in which the peoples of India could survive without the support of the British Government and of British officers; he sees through the trickery of those agitators who seek to tire us out by forcing us to employ naked coercion as a regular engine of government, and he warns them that we British are far too tough and tenacious of purpose to be deterred from pursuing our course by any weak pity for the prostrate forms which wilfully compel us to tread them under our feet.

Just at the present we are aware of a certain proneness to approve Sir Robert Horne's attitude. The accession of a strong Conservative Government to power has undoubtedly had a wholesome sobering effect on India. Her leaders have been forced to recognize that there is no royal road to Swaraj, to rely less on sensational tactics and more on spade work. It seems possible that they may even come to see wisdom in following the route marked out for them by Mr. Montagu. All this is solid gain, as none of the suggested alternatives to the Montagu road appears to be less beset with dangers to ourselves and to India.

And yet the Liberal attitude towards India must, we think, be essentially different from that of Sir Robert Horne. It is the spirit and not the letter of the Reforms that is sacred to us. If we are true to that spirit we shall recognize that Indians would be contemptible if they were not impatient to resume the management of their own affairs, vast and embarrassed as they are. It may be fair to compare India to Europe rather than to Ireland. But if Europe were governed for a hundred and fifty years by the Chinese—though ancient differences and ancient enmities might not be obliterated, though they might even be intensified, yet would not the chief of Europe's energy be dedicated to the task of removing the necessity for Chinese rule? And would there not be a difference of opinion between us and the Chinese as to whether this necessity was rooted in our moral inferiority or in their material superiority? Even in regard to the Hindu-Muslim antagonism let us remember that many intelligent and fair-minded Indians hold that it has been embittered, not mitigated, by our Raj, and that it can never be healed so long as our Raj remains. For even if we abstain from consciously dividing to rule, yet either community can always claim our support in maintaining customary privileges, after they have come to be out of harmony with the spirit of the times. Let us think, too, how easy it is for Indians to suspect that patriotism persuades British-born Governors and British-born members of the Indian Civil Service to subordinate India's interest to the interest of their motherland. Add the fact that till the other day we had refused Indians all

hope of ever commanding a regiment or even a company in their own Army. We shall then understand that India must receive with suspicion and impatience all arguments which tend to prove that the advent of Swaraj must be delayed.

Delayed, for all that, it must be. The handing over charge of so unwieldy and so intricate a plant as the Government of India is not a business that can be safely accomplished in a day or in a year. The incoming management has as yet no experience of the military machine, the relations between the members of its staff are for the moment extraordinarily exacerbated, and the Indian Princes have not even been consulted, though they are in control of a third part of the factory. But the Liberal will view these difficulties not as convenient justifications for the maintenance of the *status quo*, but as dangerous obstacles to be smoothed away as quickly as possible. Experience has taught him that in the presence of suspicion and impatience the *status quo* is often a bad position to defend. He is duly impressed by the fact that so prudent a Scotchman as Sir Robert Horne can foresee no future in which India may dispense with British guidance, but he calls to mind another prudent Scot, Sir Thomas Munro, a man who hanged up poligars and suchlike premature patriots quite as promptly as did his friend Arthur Wellesley.

One hundred years ago this man recognized the disadvantages of foreign rule, saw how a "national" spirit must work in India, and looked forward to a time "when the natives shall have abandoned most of their superstitions and prejudices and become sufficiently enlightened to frame a regular government for themselves and to conduct and preserve it," a time "when it will probably be best for both countries that British control should be gradually withdrawn."

Has that time now come after a hundred years? Could Indians now sail their own ship of State for themselves? Probably not, if the experiment is made hastily, while the crew are thirsting to cut each other's throats and ours. But if the ship were launched after due preparation in an atmosphere of goodwill—to assert that even then she could not float is to profess a knowledge of political science profounder than any Liberal would care to claim.

C. 3.

EVERY now and then one or other of our recruiting authorities, discovering a falling off in the physique of those offering themselves for enlistment, jumps to the conclusion that we are a degenerating people. This conclusion, hastily fortified by some explanatory hypothesis formulated on the spur of the moment, is then issued to the public, and is seized upon by the popular Press. For a little while the C.3 myth is honoured by headlines in the daily papers, whose readers are mildly scared, and then, so far as the public is concerned, the matter is forgotten, until it is brought up again by another statistician alarmed by his misunderstanding of the facts before him.

Generally it is the military authorities who, when suitable recruits are to seek, despair of their country, and only a little while ago we were informed by them that the physique of the nation was at a very low ebb. The memorandum of the Secretary of State for War, issued with the Army Estimates last week, however, has nothing to say to this facile degeneracy theory; and explains the 60 per cent. rejections for medical and physical defects as being due to quite other causes than

the actual non-existence of fit men. The memorandum suggests that the reasons why fit men are not offering themselves in greater number are: War weariness and aversion from a military life; the attraction of emigration; the uncertainty of employment after Colour service; and the fact that unemployment pay has put an end to conscription by starvation. The memorandum, of course, euphemizes "conscription by starvation," but its more elegant verbiage means that or nothing.

Possibly this reference to unemployment pay, as a factor affecting recruiting, has a political significance and is connected with the Government's proposal to withdraw unemployment pay from some of the unemployed. Be that as it may, it is interesting to compare this intelligent explanation of a high percentage of medical rejections, with that recently offered for the same phenomenon in the annual Constabulary Report, which gave national physical deterioration as the sole and sufficient cause. The easy assumption that because only a few physically fit men are desirous of admission to the police force there are only a few fit men in the country might of course be true, but it is not logically unassailable, and before being accepted needs far wider corroboration than that afforded by the statistics of recruiting stations.

The uniformed and disciplined services are not, and never have been, popular in this country, and the pre-war saying, "Show me a soldier, and I will show you a man who was once hard-up," had not a little truth in it. And as with the army, so, though perhaps in a lesser degree, with the police. In pre-war days, a great industrial slump, such as that through which we are now passing, would have given the police force and the army the pick of the young unemployed. To-day, however, unemployment insurance enables young men to wait for the revival of their trades; and if these services need them they must make the pay and conditions they offer exceptionally attractive. So we see that there is a simpler and better explanation of the fact that fit men are not offering their services than that set out in the report on the police forces of England and Wales. It is very necessary that this alternative explanation should be given, for one fallacious conclusion, hastily accepted, leads inevitably to other discoveries as inept, as it has in the present case.

The writer of the report being convinced that the lower physique of those applying for admission to the police force was explained by natural degeneracy, very naturally and properly sought an explanation of this deterioration. Why, he must have asked himself, is the young man who has reached adolescence since the war the physical inferior of the pre-war young man? What happened during the war that could have affected the physique of the children who grew under its shadow? At once the answer was forthcoming, there was the U-Boat campaign, and a consequent shortage and rationing of food. The children were ill-fed, hence the present lack of potential policemen! To a middle-class inquirer, probably accustomed to eat meat three times a day and unacquainted with the domestic economy of a pre-war household in which the "bread-winner" earned a precarious wage of thirty shillings a week, the answer was conclusive, and into the report it went.

A very little inquiry, however, would have proved that this second conclusion was more questionable even than the first. The Food Control's circumscribed dietary, while it might be inconvenient and even dangerous to the middle-classes, was almost a luxury to the poor. Moreover, as the war proceeded poverty vanished. There was no unemployment and wages were good; while

the separation allowances, in the vast majority of soldiers' families, were probably higher than the pre-war wages, and that with the greatest consumer of food absent. For it has always been the tragedy of the hard-working poor that of sheer necessity the "bread-winner" must have most of the bread, otherwise he would lose his capacity to earn. Not only were the children of the poor better fed during the war than they had ever been before, they were better clothed. Where there had been threadbare clothes and broken boots, and sometimes no boots at all, the children suddenly appeared well-shod and well-dressed. So the explanation proves as fallacious as the conclusion it was brought in to maintain.

Thus the latest C.3 scare goes the way of the first, when, in answer to an assumption of some authority or another that it was a degenerate Britain that took the field, a great anthropologist declared that our fighting men were bigger and stronger and braver than their ancestors ever were. And there is little evidence that there has been any degeneracy since. The lessons of the wartime in this country, so far as they have been learnt and translated into action, are already showing results in the improved health of the people. The feeding of necessitous school-children, the school-clinics, the extension of the compulsory school years—which means the extension of childhood for thousands—the welfare centres for the education and help of poor mothers, the welfare work in factories, and last but not least, the system of unemployed insurance, have made even the worst conditions of post-war unemployment no worse, in many cases, than the conditions of pre-war employment.

And if we turn from the wage-earning classes, from whom in the main the uniformed forces are recruited, to that middle-class which we are continually informed is being taxed out of existence, what do we find? We find that it is filling the public-schools and high-schools with its children, and so far from there being any shortage of public-school boys, it seems more likely that there will soon be a shortage of public-schools, though the latter continually grow in size and in numbers. That is not to deny that the middle-classes have many legitimate grievances; indeed, both war and post-war conditions hit professional people heavily, and it may be that in the future we shall not have, as we have had in the past, families holding the professions as hereditary freeholds from generation to generation. It may be that there will be a freer and fuller circulation of the population, that more young people will be given a chance; but, after all, is not that precisely what all educationalists have been advocating for years? We may mourn the passing of the old, but as the aristocracy of the country has been renewed again and again from the middle-class and the middle-class from the lower, so it will be in future. It will be the same process, but quicker in action, though, owing to improved education, possibly less noticeable in results.

So all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds? That does not follow. The worst of the false cry of "Wolf!" so easily exposed in its falsity, is that it leads to an unjustified sense of security. Eugenists themselves are not blameless in this matter. They, too, have scared us into rash assumptions derived from false analogies between human society and the art and science of the stock-breeder, who knows precisely what qualities he needs when he mates the parents of his stock, for those qualities are mainly physical and demonstrably transmissible to offspring. Important as the study of heredity may be, the vagaries of human descent are too patent to justify us in accepting readily any theory of

judicious mating. A study of the Kings of England, to say nothing of our peerage, might daunt the most assured believer in good parentage being the one thing essential. We know that Edward I. was the son of Henry III. and the grandson of John, and, knowing that, we know that we know nothing of the principles of heredity that assured so splendid an inheritance; but if we remember that De Montfort kept a great school for statesmen we are not left entirely in the dark.

It is a favourite thesis of modern eugenists that while the least valuable classes of the community multiply, the most valuable—invariably, it may be noted, the class to which they themselves belong—owing to late marriages and the restriction of families, is on the way to extinction. Unfortunately, sound as this thesis may be, it is too often advanced and supported on questionable and even exasperating grounds. It is usually assumed that the valuable qualities which the middle-class eugenist finds in his own class and the very undesirable qualities which he finds in the lower orders are derived from the blood and not from the training, are born and not made; and it is this assumption which vitiates all the argument that follows. If eugenists for a while were to turn from the study of heritable characters and were to concentrate upon heritable culture, they would be more helpful; for probably the most valuable thing which the majority of children acquire from their well-to-do parents is a favourable environment during childhood and adolescence. "Culture" and "character" are often convertible terms.

If we assume that it is the environment of the child that matters, then we cannot say that all is well with us while those who are able to provide the best environment for their children have the smallest families. It is obvious that if over a long period of time the vast majority of the children born in every generation are born into and brought up in the worst environment obtaining, that fact must in the end be reflected in the physique of the nation. Whether there is yet any sign of physical deterioration due to this cause may be doubted, for birth-control has only lately been accepted by the lower-middle and comfortably placed industrial classes. But it has been accepted by them, and, consequently, the only people who are now bringing large families into the world, regardless of their future, are people living under conditions which forbid the rearing of healthy, happy children. The remedy is obvious, and must be adopted, if only for the sake of the unfortunate children; it is the establishment of birth-control clinics in all welfare centres, so that knowledge may no longer be denied to those who need it most. It might be well if those who are continually calling us a C.3 people were to support the demand for public birth-control clinics, so that we may not, at any rate, be open to the reproach of maintaining a C.3 nursery for potential degeneracy.

FRANK A. CLEMENT.

ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND. ELECTED PERSONS.

THE farmer who is district councillor and poor law guardian is supposed to go to a district council meeting and a guardians' meeting (held in the same room, one after the other) once a fortnight. He is also on a committee (the "institution," formerly "work-house" committee) which meets on council and board of guardians day. Two or three of the councillor-guardians have never been seen at a meeting, a few attend irregu-

larly, but most of the three dozen are pretty regular in their appearance.

Indeed, they show no little public spirit, though it is doubtful if many of them have heard of such a thing. They spend a lot of time at every meeting in deciding just what relief allowances are to be made by the two relieving officers, who open out before them two big books of entries. "A good worker in his time and no mistake." "No grouser was old Dick, worked for me years." "A truly hard case, gentlemen." "Always has had her house tidy has Nancy." "A piteous accident, Mr. Chairman." Such phrases are often in the guardians' mouths, and the allowances are marked in a certain accordance with these sentiments.

Sometimes when a man has asked for an increase in his relief money, or, for his physical good, has been refused further relief and been told to come into the institution, he appears in the boardroom. He is always either a mentally or a physically crippled creature. One man who had to appear before the guardians because he persisted that he would not come into the institution but would have relief, was, the relieving officer said, "Always verminous when living by himself, gentlemen; he's none too clean now." And those who sat close to where the pitiful three-quarter-witted shambler shifted from one foot to the other were in little doubt about the matter. "He has been in the institution times," said the officer, "and has been got clean; but he always leaves, and is in the old state again."

There is no reason for doubting that the old man is indulgently treated in the institution—the guardians decided that his relief should be stopped in order to bring him in once more—or that the relieving officers are attentive and considerate. It is plain to those who, fortnight after fortnight, listen to the relieving officers' recital of the miserable condition of crippled, cancerous, or otherwise afflicted people, in poverty and woe by the death or removal of children, that these officials are sincerely anxious to get the best done for the sufferers that is possible. They sometimes propose a scale of relief beyond what is agreed to, but usually their advice on the amounts of money and food which should be allowed is followed.

Where most of the guardian-councillors, if left without a tactful lead from their more enlightened colleagues—or their officers—are inclined to be parsimonious, is in fixing the salaries of the staff. (A friend of mine on a distant board-council writes to me, "Our body does not act by any means inhumanely to the poor, but in other matters of administration it is meanness personified.") Many of the members do not easily understand, for example, that any woman won't do for the assistant matron's job—"Could not a suitable woman be got economically at a registry office in —?" one guardian asked—or that the medical officer has sometimes to spend on his cases more time than they themselves would like to give up for the money he is paid. They do not lack kindness of heart. They have plenty of it. What they are short of is imagination and information about things they know little or nothing about. And politicians they follow, and writers in the papers they read, are constantly babbling pestilent things about the burden of rates without showing what is achieved by the rates.

On one occasion the institution committee was asked by the master to come out into the yard to look at some old bedsteads. They had been in the infirmary for half a century. It was a question of ordering fifty new ones, and, on returning to the board room, the committee, to the master's evident distress, seemed reluctant to buy

as many as that at once. Whereupon there rose to his feet—it is not common at the council-guardians' meetings to address the chair so formally—an old farmer, to whom speaking away from his hearth, the market ordinary, and his farm, was something new. With mingled embarrassment, indignation, determination, and unaccustomed emotion, he burst out, "Mr. Chairman, I shall never be found wanting, I hope, when there is any means of keeping down our heavy rates. (Gasp.) But I do trust (becoming very red) I shall never forget that I am (with great emphasis) a Guardian of the Poor. Let them have their beds, for God's sake." They had them.

Then there was a day when the ram went wrong in the hamlet, and there was no water, and someone wrote a more urgent than literate postcard to the chairman of the council instead of to the paid official concerned. The very next day the chairman-farmer motored over, and for an hour or more stood in the water at the powerhouse, patiently adjusting the ram himself. When, wet, but with everything going to his satisfaction, he prepared to return home, he put the key of the ram house in his coat pocket. "Too many people fiddling with this ram, may be," he said; "I'll just keep the key a bit myself." And there has been no trouble since.

No, not much ails the hearts of our local rulers. It is not their hearts, but their history, their social notions, their economics, their teachers, that are behind the times. Education in other things than their calling and the ways of the part of the world they live in is what they have missed and are missing, and such stirring up and encouragement on the spiritual side as they would get were their parsons more commonly fitted for their job.

It is noticeable how much the working level of a guardians-council is raised when there are a few members—an old officer, a traveller, an ex-administrator, an author—who have had a different education and been in a wider world than the rest. The farmers are usually willing to accept a lead which is obviously prompted by information and experience and is offered without a manifestation of self-importance. Good humour and the English readiness to fall in with a working arrangement acceptable to the majority are constantly shown. But for their sorry, if understandable prejudices, the farmers are good fellows to work with. The fact is that questions which come before them often proclaim themselves to them surprisingly different from what they had been supposed to be. One day a guardian ejaculated something about casualties which many members might have been inclined to approve. But the general feeling was at once against him when the master said quietly, "After twenty years' experience as a master of an institution, gentlemen, I have come to the conclusion that half the casualties in England are mentally deficient."

The informality with which many guardians-councils are conducted—most of the speakers sit, as I have noted, and almost every one of them smokes—has its drawbacks—the smoking, for instance, is a trial for the one woman member; but there is adequate discussion—often too prolonged discussion indeed—and decisions are taken in accordance with what the Quakers call the evident sense of the meeting. I should not fail to mention that the members are scrupulous to pay for the lunches provided in the institution on guardians-council days, and that no signs of graft in administration are nowadays visible.

It would help greatly towards leavening the councillor-guardians if a larger number of non-farmer members or more generously educated farmers, or ordinary educated men and women, of whom there are

not a few in the district council-guardians' area, were members. But people with a wider outlook than the average farmer member may not be so well placed for a vehicle. A motor a fortnight may mean £15 a year in addition to the time lost.

In that reform of local government which cannot be far off, the question of allowing mileage to members of district councils, poor law guardians, and county councils is pressing. It is certainly as urgent as the recent grant of travelling expenses to M.P.s, already in receipt of £400.

The weakness of the county councils is that only men of some leisure and means can afford to be on them, for there are not only the regular meetings, but the committees to attend. The do-nothing element on the councils would be reduced at once if working men, and people who are not working men but have to count their pounds, could serve. There would be no trouble about electing workers. As it is, areas which would be able to choose progressive councillors are represented by out-of-date persons, and there is a lack of interest in the county council elections and in the proceedings of the councils which hinders advance.

It is difficult to understand why county council electors should have to go as far as the ordinary Parliamentary polling places to vote, not seldom three miles or so away. Why should not local elections be held in the parish-schoolrooms under the direction of the schoolmaster or schoolmistress and the nearest magistrate? Even were there an occasional irregularity, would it be too high a price to pay for an increase in the effective electorate and a new interest in local government? Without the development of such interest it is idle to expect things to go much better on county councils. We shall continue to be far away from the far-sighted attitude of that noble public worker, the late Rev. Stewart Headlam, who, when the rate collector said, "Rates are up, sir," ejaculated, "Thank God!"

Some public-spirited newcomer in a district may make opportunities of pressing home the value and interest of the work done by local bodies, and may, by explanation and encouragement, raise the attendance at even a parish meeting from a usual five to thirty or so, as happened in a neighbouring hamlet; but without travelling expenses for district and county councillors, and more convenient polling places for county council electors, the progress that can be made must be limited.

Obviously the work of training the electorate in citizenship is best done early. School teachers in conference have complained of their schools being used as polling stations; but, surely, the setting up of the polling booths in the schools and the giving of a holiday on election day are a stimulating distraction for the children? Well might one enlightened rural schoolmistress say to me, "It is one of the most delightful parts of the school work, to try to rouse and guide the children's small beginnings in the growth of public spirit." It is much to be wished, in my opinion, that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses could be linked in the way I propose to the work of choosing fit representatives on the little-known bodies which rule the shires.

One way which has been tried, by way of bringing into the school children's minds some notions of public service, is this. A hamlet was littered with old tins, potsherds, and other rubbish. The school children were invited to elect two of their number, a boy and a girl, each year as Village Marshals. Their work was to see to the clearing away of the rubbish. Padded arm badges, with the parish emblem on them, were made and formally

presented to the children at the annual parish meeting. Occasion was also taken to let the children handle two venerable truncheons (which had belonged to village constables in the place) in order to make them feel that they were in the line of succession. The local constable was also asked kindly to treat the child marshals with deference if he should meet them wearing their badges. In a year or so, the marshals and their willing boy and girl helpers cleared away nearly two tons of rubbish.

The last word must be that the effective reform of local government lies, in a very large measure, like all reform, through the school and the church.

H. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

SIR,—A few months ago I ventured to call at the Schloss in Berlin to inquire into the workings of the "Notgemeinschaft Deutscher Wissenschaft," which has done so much to maintain intellectual co-operation both within Germany and between Germany and the outside world. In conversation I said that I regretted the diversion of the Rhodes scholarships; the money might have been allowed to accumulate at compound interest until it could again be devoted to its original purpose. I was speaking to a former Rhodes scholar. He replied: "We know that we have been unjustly treated. We propose to say nothing. If you also think there has been injustice, it is for you to remedy the matter." The Neu-Philologen—the modern language teachers—are anxious to learn more English themselves and to teach more English in German schools. A visit to England is almost a necessary preparation. They have been asking the Ministry for financial help. Are we to wait to remedy the injustice until the Prussian Ministry proposes exchange scholarships with English Universities?—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

March, 1925.

TOLSTOY ON ART.

SIR,—Allow me to contradict Mr. Clive Bell's statement, in the issue of THE NATION of the 7th inst., that Tolstoy alleges as a reason for his condemnation of "King Lear" that "the play is indecent." Mr. Bell informs us that Tolstoy's theory of Art springs from "hatred, jealousy, bewilderment, a theory of life and a need of self-justification . . . he had no feeling whatever for art." To such assertions concerning one who was a very great novelist, dramatist, and short-story writer, keenly interested from his youth upwards in all forms of art, and who has produced a theory of art so simple that it can be explained in a quarter-of-an-hour to any intelligent boy of twelve, the best reply is that given by Mr. Bernard Shaw in his article on "What is Art?"

"If Tolstoy made himself very disquieting by criticizing the world as a man of the world, he has hardly made himself more agreeable by criticizing art as an artist of the very first rank. Among the minor gods of the amateur he kindles a devastating fire. Naturally, the very extensive literary output of delirium tremens in our country receives no quarter from him; he has no patience with nonsense, especially drunken nonsense, however laboriously or lusciously it may be rhymed or alliterated. . . . Fortunately for the entertainment of the readers Tolstoy backslides without the slightest compunction into the character of a first-rate fighting man, he challenges all the authorities, great and small, who have committed themselves to the beauty theory, and never leaves them till he has left them for dead. There is always something specially exhilarating in the spectacle of a Quaker fighting: and Tolstoy's performance in this kind will not soon be forgotten. Our generation has not seen a heartier bout of literary fisticuffs, or one in which the challenger has been more brilliantly victorious."

When Mr. Bell speaks of Tolstoy's "insensibility to literary art," I would ask whether he has read the essay on "Guy de Maupassant" that forms one section of the book he was reviewing.

Tolstoy never was a Colonel, but it quite fits in with the general tone of Mr. Bell's article to suggest that he was.—Yours, &c.,

AYLMER MAUDE.

[Mr. Clive Bell writes:—

"Mr. Maude is in the right. What Tolstoy complains of is not 'indecent' but 'vulgarity': 'though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged,' is the phrase that upset him. But is not Mr. Maude a little hard to please? I admitted, in my review, that Tolstoy might only have been a lieutenant. I suppose he can hardly have been less. For the rest, because Mr. Shaw admires, or admired, Tolstoy's criticism, I see no reason why I should not poke fun at his ludicrous taste and ridiculous theories."]

"POEMS OF THIRTY YEARS."

SIR,—Authors ought not to wish to answer reviewers; and, indeed, I value the appreciation of a fellow-craftsman, and its generous expression, and I would not seem ungracious to Miss Sackville-West's gracious words in her review of my "Poems of Thirty Years" which appeared in your issue of March 7th.

But in some of her opinions she has neglected to take into account the dates of the poems, with a result that is less than just to me; and I shall be obliged if you will allow me to correct the possible resultant misconception in the minds of your readers.

In speaking of my poems "Atlantis" and "The End of the World," written respectively in 1912 and 1907, she finds them in "permanent debt" to the work of Edward Thomas. To have known that rare nature intimately for nearly twenty years was to owe him many things in the enrichment and delight of life; but I do not see how my work can owe anything to his work, for most of "Poems of

Thirty Years" was written before he ever wrote a line of verse (apart from boyhood's experiments, which none of his friends ever saw).

So far as I remember, he wrote his first poem in or about November, 1914; and I first heard of his having turned to poetry in the early weeks of 1915, when he asked me if I would care to read some verses he had lately been working at. I need not here speak further of that memorable experience, as my purpose now is only to point out that poems written in 1907 and 1912 cannot have been influenced by poetry written between 1914 and 1917.

With regard to Miss Sackville-West's similar suggestion that I have imitated Rupert Brooke in my use of the octosyllabic couplet, it is only necessary to say that I have been using this verse-form since 1896, and that the rhythms which she speaks of as being adopted from Brooke were already fully evolved in 1908, in the dedication of "The Riding to Lithend"; for I believe Brooke had not published anything in 1908, and at that early date, at any rate, I had not heard of him or his work.—Yours, &c.,

GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. T. G. N. Haldane's letter (NATION, February 28th), as it expresses exactly what were my own political feelings a few months ago—lack of confidence in the progressiveness of the Liberal Party and disagreement with the principles of the Labour Party. But your correspondent does not appear to be aware of the formation of the Radical group within the Liberal Party outside the House of Commons. This group has a strong general progressive programme, based on the policy of freedom, in which land reform is put first.

The Hon. Secretary of the group is Mr. Frank Geary, 1, Temple Gardens, E.C.4.—Yours, &c.,

M. M. HAMILTON.

MARY BERRY

By LYTTON STRACHEY.

"AMOR, che a nullo amato amar perdona": there could be no better summary of the tragic romance of Madame du Deffand, Horace Walpole, and Mary Berry. For Love moves in a mysterious way, and the Paolos and Francescas of this world, though they may be the most attractive of his victims, are not the most remarkable. Madame du Deffand was blind and nearly seventy when, after a long career of brilliant dissipation and icy cynicism, she was suddenly overwhelmed by a passion which completely dominated her existence, until she died, fifteen years later, at the age of eighty-three. Horace Walpole, the object of this extraordinary adoration, was a middle-aged man of fashion, a dilettante, whose heart, like hers, had never felt a violent emotion, and, naturally enough, was not induced to do so by this strange catastrophe. He was flattered, he was charmed; but he was obsessed by a terror of ridicule; his enemies—worse still, his friends—would laugh if they ever got wind of this romantic aberration; and so he mixed kindness and severity, ruthlessness and attentions, in so fatally medicinal a potion that the unhappy creature in Paris died at last less of old age than a broken heart. But "the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." Walpole himself, when he was over seventy, suffered the same fate as Madame du Deffand. The egotism of a lifetime suddenly collapsed before the fascinations of Mary Berry. It was in vain that the old wit sought to conceal from himself and the world the nature of the feelings which had seized upon him. He made game of his vicissitude; he was in love—ah, yes!—but with both the charming sisters—with Agnes as well as Mary;

they were his "twin wives," and might share his coronet between them if they liked. For a short space, indeed, he was almost entirely happy. Mary was gentle, intelligent, and appreciative; Agnes, gay and sprightly, made a perfect chaperon. They were his near neighbours at Twickenham, and night after night they would sit with him in his Strawberry Hill drawing-room, while, from his sofa, with an occasional pinch of snuff, he discoursed to them for endless magical hours, pouring out before them his whole treasury of anecdotes and reflections and quips and fancies and memories—old scandals, old frolics, old absurdities, old characters—the darling sixty years' accumulation of the most rapacious gossip who ever lived.

It was during these happy days—the springtime of his passion—that he wrote down for the sisters his "Reminiscences," which have now been republished, from the original manuscripts, by the Clarendon Press.* The volume, elegantly printed, with elucidations by Mr. Paget Toynbee, two portraits, and some interesting "Notes of conversations with Lady Suffolk," now produced for the first time, is as delightful in its form as in its matter—delightful to handle, to look at, to browse over for an evening by the fire. In its polished, delicate pages the English eighteenth century is reflected for us, as in a diminishing mirror—St. James's, Sir Robert, a King or two, Mrs. Howard, old Sarah, Queen Caroline—miraculously small and neat; while Dance's admirable drawing shows us the author, almost, one might imagine,

* "Reminiscences, written by Mr. Horace Walpole in 1788, for the amusement of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry." With Notes and Index by Paget Toynbee. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 42s.)

in the act of composition, with his face so full of subtlety, experience, reticence, and sly urbanity.

But the happy days were not to last. Love grows cruel as he grows old; the arrow festers in the flesh; and a pleasant pang becomes a torture. Walpole could not be blinded for ever to the essential impossibility of his situation, and at last he was obliged to plumb his feelings to their depths. A dreadful blow fell when the sisters, accompanied by their father, left England on the grand tour. Their decision to do so had stunned him; their departure plunged him in grief; he was very old, and they were to be away for more than a year; would he ever see Mary again? Yet he bore up bravely, and his inimitable letters flowed over Europe in an unceasing stream. The crisis came when, on their return journey, the Berrys arranged to go back through France. It was in 1791, and the country was seething with the ferment of the Revolution. Walpole was terrified, and implored Mary to return by Germany; in vain. Then the old man's self-control utterly gave way. Fear, mortification, anger, and solicitude mastered him by turns; his agitation was boundless; he could talk of nothing but the Berrys, rushing from person to person, pouring out, everywhere, to anybody, the palpitating tale of his terrors and his griefs. London shrugged its shoulders: Lord Orford was ridiculous. The grim ghost of Madame du Deffand must have smiled sardonically at the sight.

It was not merely the incompatibility of age that made his case desperate; there was another more fatal circumstance. Mary Berry herself was passionately in love—with General O'Hara. He was a middle-aged soldier of an old-fashioned type, abounding in Irish energy, with a red and black face and shining teeth; and when, in 1795, he was made Governor of Gibraltar, she became engaged to marry him. The marriage itself was postponed, at her wish. She might have left Walpole in his misery; and even her father, who was helpless without her; but she could not leave her sister, who was in the middle of a difficult love-affair, and was every moment in need of her advice. "I think I am doing right," she told O'Hara. "I am sure I am consulting the peace and happiness of those about me, and not my own." The General sailed, and she never saw him again. At first their correspondence was all that was most fitting. The General poured out his gallantries, and Mary indulged in delicious visions of domesticity. She sketched in detail the balance-sheet of their future "establishment." Reducing their expenditure to a minimum, she came to the conclusion that £2,263 a year would be enough for them both. Of this sum, £58 would cover "the wages of four women servants—a housekeeper, a cook under her, a housemaid, and lady's maid"; while "liveries for the three men servants and the coachman" would cost £80 a year, and wine £100. But Mary's castle was all too truly in Spain. Before the year was out, it had vanished into thin air. She discovered that the "Old Cock of the Rock," as his military comrades called him, was keeping a couple of mistresses; expostulations followed, mutual anger, and finally a complete severance. She believed to the end of her life that if they could have met for twenty-four hours every difficulty would have disappeared; but it was not to be. The French War prevented O'Hara from returning to England, and in 1802 he died at his post.

Mary Berry was to live for half a century more, but she never recovered from this disaster. There, for the rest of her life, at the very basis of her existence, lay the iron fact of an irremediable disappointment. Thus her fate was the very reverse of Madame du Deffand's; the emotional tragedy, coming at the beginning of a

long life instead of at the end, gave a sombre colour to the whole; and yet, in the structure of their minds, the two were curiously similar. Both were remarkable for reason and good sense, for a certain intellectual probity, for a disillusioned view of things, and for great strength of will. Between these two stern women, the figure of Horace Walpole makes a strange appearance—a creature all vanity, elegance, insinuation, and finesse—by far the most feminine of the three.

He died, leaving the sisters a house at Little Strawberry Hill and the interest on £4,000 for each of them for their lives. By a cruel irony of circumstance, her sister's love-affair, which had led Mary, so fatally, to postpone her marriage, turned out no less unfortunately than her own. Agnes had become engaged to a wealthy young cousin; but, at the last moment, the match had been broken off. The sisters never separated for the whole of their long lives. Agnes was cheerful, but a little vague in the head; she painted. Old Mr. Berry was cheerful, but quite incompetent; he did nothing at all. Mary was intelligent, with enough character for three at the very least; and she did everything that had to be done, with consummate ease. Friends surrounded her. Walpole had launched the family into the highest society, where they had at once become very popular. His cousin, Mrs. Damer, was Mary's intimate and confidante. The Berry sisters—Blackberry and Gooseberry they were nicknamed by the malicious—were seen at every social function, and gradually became a social centre themselves. Among her other gifts Mary possessed a marvellous capacity for the part of hostess. Wherever she went—and she was constantly on the move—in North Audley Street, in Bath, in Paris, in Italy—it always happened that the most fashionable and the cleverest people grouped themselves about her. One winter, in Genoa, she seemed to create a civilization out of nothing; the little community gave a gasp of horror when she went away. Apparently there was nothing that she could not bring about in her drawing-room: she could even make Frenchmen hold their tongues; she could even make Englishmen talk.

But these were not her only accomplishments. Her masculine mind exercised itself over higher things. She read eagerly and long; she edited Walpole's papers; she studied political economy, appreciating Malthus and Free Trade. In Madame de Staël's opinion she was "by far the cleverest woman in England." She had literary ambitions, and brought out a book on "Social Life in England and France"; but her style failed to express the force of her mentality, so that her careful sentences are to-day unreadable. Had she been a man, she would not have shone as a writer, but as a political thinker or an administrator; and a man she should have been; with her massive, practical intelligence, she was born too early to be a successful woman. She felt this bitterly. Conscious of high powers, she declaimed against the miserable estate of women, which prevented her from using them. She might have been a towering leader, in thought or action; as it was, she was insignificant. So she said—"insignificant!"—repeating the word over and over again. "And nobody," she added, "ever suffered insignificance more unwillingly than myself."

Yet it was a mitigated insignificance, after all. In 1817 old Mr. Berry died, and for another thirty years all that was distinguished in England and in France passed through the sisters' room in Curzon Street. As time went on, Mary grew ever grander and more vigorous. With old age, something like happiness seemed to come to her—though it was a happiness without serenity. Agnes chirped blithely by her side. Mrs.

Damer had vanished, but her place was taken by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who remained a faithful follower till her death. We catch a glimpse of the three ladies in Paris in 1834, when they were all in the neighbourhood of seventy. "The Berrys," Lady Granville tells us, "run up and down." Mary was the leader, prepotent, scolding, loud-voiced, and dressed in a pink sash. Agnes and Lady Charlotte fluttered along behind her. There was some laughter, but there was more admiration: Miss Berry was impossible to resist. Everyone flocked to her evenings, as usual, and even critical Lady Granville was at her feet. She was friendly and true, said the Ambassador, in spite of her frowns and hootings, and her departure would be regretted very much.

The *salon* in Curzon Street lasted on into the Victorian age, and Thackeray would talk for hours with the friend of Horace Walpole. The lady was indeed a fascinating relic of an abolished world, as she sat, large and formidable, bolt upright, in her black wig, with her rouged cheeks, her commanding features, and her loud conversation, garnished with vigorous oaths. When, in 1852, both sisters died, aged eighty-nine and eighty-eight, the eighteenth century finally vanished from the earth. So much was plain to the *habitués* of Curzon Street; but they had failed to realize the inner nature, the tragic under-tones, of that spirit which had delighted them so wonderfully with its energy and power. It was only when Mary Berry's papers came to be examined that the traces of her secret history appeared. Among them was a description of a dream, dreamt when she was nearly eighty, in which she had found herself walking with Mrs. Damer by a Southern shore, young again, and married to General O'Hara. She was perfectly happy—so happy that she prayed to die "before this beautiful vision of life fades, as fade it must from my senses." Yet no!—she was about to have a child; she must live to give him a child, she told Mrs. Damer, and then she might die, "convinced that I have exhausted everything that can make life desirable. . . . Here I awoke with my eyes suffused with tears, to find myself a poor, feeble old soul, never having possessed either husband or child, and having long survived that friend whom my waking as well as my sleeping thoughts always recall to me, as the comfort and support of nearly thirty years of my sadly insignificant existence."

All this, and more, may be urged against "Anyhouse," absurdly so named. Nevertheless, it is a play with a backbone. It is gripping, and, what has evidently annoyed the critics, genuinely disagreeable. It is hardly ever sentimental, and is conceived throughout with much mental dryness. Further, it is solidly constructed round the house of the Blaize family, whose drapery establishment did well during the war, with all its personal hatreds, its financial unsoundness, its pregnant housemaid, its rebellious daughter, and the disagreeable young man with money to whom she is to be sacrificed. The play goes more quickly and gets better as it goes on, and the culminating scene when pistols are turned by a Bolshevizing burglar and the maid's lover on to the Blaize family is a well-co-ordinated climax. Here, unfortunately, the authoress has not made enough of her own opportunities. As there are not enough cartridges to finish off the whole Blaize family, the burglar says: "You shall choose which of you shall die," and all give reasons why they themselves should live. Miss Jesse has reached her climax and she should dwell on it lovingly. A mere change of *tempo* would in itself be a good thing. She has her characters "naked" in Pirandellian phrase, but unfortunately her ideas appear to give out. She was not assisted by the producer, who also muffed this critical moment, but she, too, made much too little of a situation carefully reached and at once theatrically and psychologically effective. At the end, owing to an unforeseeable chance, only the attractive housemaid is killed, and the Blaize family go triumphant on their way. The final word is left to the burglar:—"You think you can kill me, you who are dead yourselves."

Miss Jesse might certainly have improved her play. The writing is uneven. There are many good jokes in it, but many bad ones, including several I had heard before. Above all, she must learn not to muffle her climax and to give most weight to the most important moments. But with all this "Anyhouse" is a serious attempt to construct a work of art. The acting was unequal, like the play. The rebellious daughter, rebellious in a new way, and not the least a feminist, was played with the real beauty that one might expect of Miss Hilda Moore. She got a great deal of effect by very simple means, and has none of the horrible tricks of her trade. The housemaid who has gone wrong was well acted by Miss Olive Sloane, and Miss Margaret Scudamore gave an amusing performance as a sensible widow. These were all three characters worth taking pains over. For all its faults, "Anyhouse" is well worth a visit, and is a tremendous improvement on "Pelicans."

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

THE DRAMA

A SERIOUS EFFORT.

Ambassadors Theatre: "Anyhouse." By F. Tennyson Jesse.

THE first thing to say about "Anyhouse" is that it has had an abominably "bad Press," and the second that it is more like a serious play than anything I have seen by a young English author for over a twelvemonth. Unfortunately, it makes the worst of itself. It begins badly, and only gathers speed rather slowly, while the acting, early on, is bad, too. We are also made a present of a preposterous drop-curtain, styled in the programme "Symbolical scenery," which is very ugly and serves no useful purpose. The production is also very slack at times, and it is a play that needs a really good producer; Komisarjevski, for instance, might have done wonders with it. Some of the material, again, is rather stale. The vileness of the religious is becoming a commonplace on the stage (at one moment the authoress had qualms about this herself), while the moral excellence of farming in the colonies, to be contrasted with the soul-sapping life of our "large cities," is a theme at once tedious and of doubtful truth.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

- Saturday, March 21.—"The Bamboula," at His Majesty's.
- "Hiawatha," Royal Choral Society, at 2.30, at Albert Hall.
- Egon Petri, Pianoforte Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.
- Monday, March 23.—Thelma Grey, Song Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.
- Tuesday, March 24.—Jacques van Lier, 'Cello Recital, at 8.15, at Æolian Hall.
- Joan Willis, 'Cello Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.
- Wednesday, March 25.—Mania Seguel, Pianoforte Recital, at 3.15, at Æolian Hall.
- Henry G. Dowling, on "Wallpapers," at 8, at Royal Society of Arts.
- Thursday, March 26.—"Sky High," at the Palladium.
- Friday, March 27.—Averil Cassidy, Song Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.
- Stuart Wilson, Vocal Recital, at 8.15, at Æolian Hall.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE BIOGRAPHY OF KINGS.

THE compulsory reading of "King Edward VII.: a Biography," Vol. I., by Sir Sidney Lee (Macmillan, £1 11s. 6d.), is no light task even for the hardened reviewer. It is probable that the official biography of Edward VII. could not under any circumstances have been made, in 1925, a good book. But I do not believe that it was necessary to make it quite so bad and so dull as Sir Sidney Lee has succeeded in doing. It is a lamentable confession that, although where books are concerned I have the digestion of an ostrich, I have failed absolutely to be able to read this first volume from cover to cover. This is partly due to the fact that, whereas it purports to be a biography of Edward, Prince of Wales, from his birth in 1841 to his accession in 1901, it is largely concerned with foreign politics. As the Prince of Wales was allowed to play very little part in foreign politics during these years, it is not easy to see the relevancy of this padding. The case is made worse by the fact that Sir Sidney Lee, who won his spurs in the field of what is called literature, seems to be out of his element among the statesmen and diplomatists. The unaccustomed surroundings and the importance of the situations have affected his literary style. It is a curious fact that every sentence in the book reads as if it were the beginning of a new paragraph, while almost every paragraph reads as if it were the beginning of a new book. The effect is overwhelming; after a few pages the tired brain can scarcely drag itself from one full stop to another. "The four specified German princes were kinsmen in more or less near degree." Full stop. "The Crown Prince was the Prince's brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg was his father's brother, and the other two German princes were cousins." Full stop. "Apart from the Crown Prince, none had taken responsible part in the war." Full stop. "The Prince had furthermore pointed out. . . ." By this time the mind has collapsed; the relevancy of "furthermore" is irretrievable; and the miserable brain has to go back to the beginning of the paragraph in a hopeless attempt to recover the thread.

* * *

There is one infallible recipe, known to very few people, for reading unreadable books. Start at the end and read backwards. If you begin at page 1 and set out for page 800, by the time you get to page 100, looking forward, you can only see a "dreary void, the leafless desert of the mind"; an immense expanse of print, without an eminent thought or an oasis of interest, lies before one, and

"boundless and bare,

The lone and level sands stretch far away."

But begin at page 800 and turn the pages over slowly backwards, and the psychological effect is entirely different; your brain is no longer toiling painfully in the faint tracks which the author's mind has left in this barren desolation; you have to hop nimbly from paragraph to paragraph or from the heading of page 655 to the heading of page 653. Instantly your mind wakes up, and little facts, amusing or interesting, start up out of the page, and you begin to read forwards, and continue reading in that direction until after a page or two the mind is once more engulfed in the sand.

* * *

It is possible to read Sir Sidney Lee's book in this way. The most interesting fact which emerged from this method was the beginning of King Edward's quarrel with

the Kaiser. As far as I know, the story has never previously been told so fully in print. It is amusing to see that Sir Sidney Lee seems to think that he has successfully fastened the blame on Wilhelm, whereas it is perfectly clear that Edward was entirely in the wrong. Incidentally, the story disposes finally of the myth of the King's diplomatic tact and intelligence. The incident took place in 1888, when Edward, then Prince of Wales, attended the Emperor Frederick's funeral in Berlin. According to Sir Sidney Lee, he took the opportunity to inquire from Count Herbert Bismarck with regard to the late Emperor's alleged intention of restoring Alsace-Lorraine to France, Schleswig to Denmark, and certain property to Edward's sister-in-law. Count Herbert Bismarck immediately reported the matter to his father and to the new Kaiser, adding that the "Prince had suggested that the new Kaiser ought to commemorate his accession by putting into effect the alleged pacific intentions of his father." This last statement the Prince "stigmatized as 'a positive lie.'" But what conceivable sense could there have been in these inquiries at that moment, unless this suggestion had been either explicit or implicit in them? And even if one accepts the Prince's version of the conversation, there are only two possible explanations: it was either a piece of such incredible stupidity and tactlessness that it justifies Queen Victoria's objection to the Prince's meddling in foreign politics, or the Prince of Wales was simply "looking for trouble." Bismarck and the scatter-brained Kaiser were naturally furious; if the Prince wanted trouble, he certainly got it, and so, in the end, did we all.

* * *

The morals to be drawn from this book are many. One is that no official biography of a monarch ought to be written for one hundred years after his death. Another is that the less Kings and Princes are allowed to meddle with foreign politics, the better for the world. Their education is such as to make them unable to grasp the appalling realities which lie behind "diplomacy" and "negotiations." Anyone can, of course, prove that the personal enmity of King Edward and the Kaiser did not cause the war. On the other hand, if the King and the Kaiser had not been allowed to have anything to do with foreign politics, it would have been easier to prevent the gradual growth of a situation in which the war became "inevitable." Everyone who has any detailed knowledge of foreign, and, indeed, domestic, politics knows what a large part personalities and personal likes and dislikes play in creating those situations and atmospheres out of which spring catastrophes or crises. In foreign affairs it is bad enough, but inevitable, that difficult negotiations involving war and peace should be complicated by the personalities or personal likes and dislikes of those responsible for them. It is intolerable that they should be still further complicated by the petty spites and quarrels of Kings and Princes who receive the kind of education and live the kind of life which were imposed upon the unfortunate King and Kaiser. It is a curious fact that to the ordinary man in this country the Kaiser, and to the ordinary man in Germany King Edward, was the villain of the war. These beliefs, no doubt, contain a vast amount of fantastic nonsense, but they also contain a certain amount of that instinctive truth which is so often found in the beliefs of the "common people"—and of posterity.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

SANDITON.

Fragment of a Novel. By JANE AUSTEN. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.)

THE fragment known to Miss Austen's family as "Sanditon" is of small literary merit, but no one is to blame for this: neither the authoress, who left it a fragment, nor the owner of the MS., who has rightly decided on publication, nor the editor of the text, who has done his work with care and skill. Though of small merit, it is of great interest, for it was written after "Persuasion," and consequently may throw light on the last phase of the great novelist. In 1817 she had reached maturity, but she was also ill, and these are the two factors we must bear in mind while we read. Are there signs of new development in "Sanditon"? Or is everything overshadowed by the advance of death?

The MS. (the editor tells us) is firmly written. Nevertheless, the fragment gives the effect of weakness, if only because it is reminiscent from first to last. It opens with a Mr. and Mrs. Parker falling out of a carriage (*cf.* "Love and Freindship"), and Mr. Parker, like Marianne Dashwood, sprains his ankle. A Mr. Heywood rescues him. The Parkers and Heywoods both have large families, and when the former return to their seaside home they take with them Miss Charlotte Heywood, "a very pleasing young woman of two-and-twenty," who is destined to be the heroine. Charlotte belongs to a type which has attracted Miss Austen all the way from "Sense and Sensibility" to "Persuasion," and naturally dominates her pen when vitality is low; she is the well-scoured channel through which comment most readily flows. But whereas Eleanor Dashwood, Fanny Price, Anne Elliot, were real people whose good sense, modesty, and detachment were personal qualities, Charlotte turns these qualities into labels, and can be seen from some distance as she sits observing other labels upon the sea-front. It is a procession of adjectives. Here comes Clara Brereton, talented, good-looking, dependent, and not wholly trustworthy, whom we knew in a more living state as Jane Fairfax. Here is Clara's patroness, Lady Denham, who is jolly and downright like Mrs. Jennings, but domineers like Lady Catherine de Bergh. Here are the Miss Beauforts—shadows of the shadow of Isabella Thorpe, and the harp on which they perform echoes the dying echo of Mary Crawford's, even as the gruel of Mr. Woodhouse mingles with the cocoa of Arthur Parker a just perceptible aroma. And here come other labels, and in their midst sits the "very pleasing young woman" reading them out loud for our advantage and finding none of them quite to her taste. Clearly, so far as character-drawing is concerned, Jane Austen is here completely in the grip of her previous novels. She writes out of what she has written, and anyone who has himself tried to write when feeling out of sorts will realize her state. The pen always finds life difficult to record; left to itself, it records the pen. The effort of creating was too much, and the numerous alterations in the MS. are never in the direction of vitality. Even the wit is reminiscent. This is the best it can do:—

"All that he understood of himself he readily told, for he was very open-hearted;—and where he might be himself in the dark, his conversation was still giving information to such of the Heywoods as could observe."

It is the old flavour, but how faint! Sometimes it is even stale, and we realize with pain that we are listening to a slightly tiresome spinster, who has talked too much in the past to be silent unaided. "Sanditon" is a sad little experience from this point of view, and sentimentalists will doubtless say that it ought not to have been published lest it performs the mysterious operation known as "harming an author."

But meanwhile Charlotte sits on the sea-front. Why a sea-front?

Since the book promises little vigour of character and incident, one is tempted to assume that atmosphere and outline will be reminiscent also, and that the scene is laid in a watering-place because the writer had recently dealt with Lyme Regis and found marine humours easiest to handle. Nevertheless, there is a queer taste in these eleven chapters which is not easily defined: a double-flavoured

taste—half topography, half romance. Sanditon is not like Lyme or Highbury or Northanger or the other places that provide scenes or titles to past novels. It exists in itself and for itself. Character-drawing, incident, and wit are on the decline, but topography comes to the front, and is screwed much deeper than usual into the story. Mr. Parker is an Enthusiast for Sanditon. He has invested money in the resort, so has Lady Denham; and not only their humours but their fortunes depend on its development and the filling of its lodging-houses. Isn't this new? Was there anything like it in the preceding novels which were purely social? And—now for the romantic flavour—is there not a new cadence in this prose?—

"Charlotte having received possession of her apartment, found amusement enough in standing at her ample Venetian window and looking over the miscellaneous foreground of unfinished Buildings, waving Linen, and tops of Houses, to the Sea, dancing and sparkling in Sunshine and Freshness."

"Found amusement enough" is typical Jane Austen, but the conclusion of the sentence belongs to someone else—to someone who had been laughed out of court but who now returns in more radiant garb. It is Mrs. Radcliffe. She is creeping back attired as a Nereid, and not without hope of brandishing some day the sword Excalibur.

"Poor Burns's known irregularities greatly interrupt my enjoyment of his Lines."

Very proper that they should, but why enjoy such lines at all? Why read and discuss Burns, Wordsworth, and Scott? The new literature rises over old landmarks like a tide, and not only does the sea dance in freshness, but another configuration has been given to the earth, making it at once more poetic and more definite. Sanditon gives out an atmosphere, and also exists as a geographic and economic force. It was clearly intended to influence the faded fabric of the story and govern its matrimonial weavings. Of course, Miss Austen would not have stressed this, and her book, even if conceived with vigour, would not have marked a turning-point in the English novel or overshadowed "Waverley." The change is merely interesting because it took place in her mind—that self-contained mind which had hitherto regarded the face of the earth as a site for shrubberies and strawberry beds, and had denied it features of its own. Perhaps here, too, we can trace the influence of ill-health: the invalid looks out of her window, weary of her invaluable Cassandra, weary of civility and auntish fun, and finds an unexpected repose in the expanses of Nature:—

"At last, from the low French windows of the Drawing-room, which commanded the road and all the Paths across the Down, Charlotte and Sir Edward, as they sat, could not but observe Lady Denham and Miss Brereton. . . ."

"The road and all the Paths across the Down." The cadence is curious again: Henry Tilney would have pricked up his ears. After all, they have not been exorcized—those ebony cabinets and massive chests that so disquieted Catherine's sleep. The Lady of the Lake is creeping out of them, followed by her entire school.

E. M. FORSTER.

BURTON ANATOMIZED.

Burton the Anatomist. Edited by G. C. F. MEAD and RUPERT C. CLIFT. With a Preface by W. H. D. ROUSE, M.A., Litt.D. (Methuen. 5s.)

THE pious Burtonian will decry, exclaim against, vilipend, utterly abhor, reprove, dislike this compendium, mine author split up for his marrow, an abominable parricide, his reverend bones exposed, *quantum mutatus ab illo*, docked, sheared of his learning, pithy examples, far-fetched citations, odd fancies, saws, proverbs, *memorabilia*, sacred and profane learning, poets, rhetoricians, historians, philosophers, mathematicians, sophisters, &c. *Successit odium in literas ab ignorantia vulgi*. 'Tis a bait for the vulgar, unlearned, paltry wenches, toss-pots, idle slugabeds, dizzards, bursten-bellied dotards; as saith Charles Lamb prophetically:—

"I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in the winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? What hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?"

The "winding-sheet" in this case is the bewildering announcement that these extracts are "chosen to interest the psychologist in every man," which is either a piece of affectation or a catchpenny device to exploit the popular boom in "psychology." An additional lead wrapping is supplied by Dr. Rouse, M.A., Litt.D., who writes a preface, nine-tenths of which is Burton (in whose pages many will prefer to read it) and one-tenth superfluous comment. Dr. Rouse says of Burton:—

"... there is no author, not even Montaigne, who is so entertaining in a casual five minutes."

This is a strange method of estimating authors; but if this apparently aimless remark means that Burton is more important or even a better writer than Montaigne, the judgment is suspiciously like a manifestation of Britannic impertinence. Dr. Rouse indulges in sentimentalism:—

"If these glimpses are not enough to place him by the side of Johnson and Lamb, the best-loved figures in literature, or even of Montaigne or Sir Thomas Browne, yet there is enough of gentle simplicity to endear him, and not a little good sense, both moral and political, which deserves serious attention."

The judgments here expressed are not worth disputing; but there is certainly something exasperating in the comments of pedants upon dead men of genius. "The book is indeed a treasury of synonyms." Admired discovery! "Fully one-third of the work deals with the passion of love; which, as so often the cause of madness, could not be neglected." Why should it be neglected in any case? And why the moral patronage of the declaration that Burton is "always wholesome"? Does Dr. Rouse think that eminent authors are usually unwholesome? Merely stringing together quotations from an author with inept and uncritical remarks does not make a preface; and Dr. Rouse is deserving of severe censure for publishing so paltry, perfunctory, and slipshod a performance. Mr. Mead and Mr. Clift have reproduced about one-sixth of Burton, omitting the extraordinary wealth of quotation and reference. They claim that "the flavour of the original has not been destroyed." This claim may be seriously disputed, for the quotations are Burton, and without them and the peculiar air of recondite, allusive scholarship they give, the flavour of the "Anatomy" disappears. What becomes of Burton's own declaration?—

"As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all, *Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant*, I have laboriously collected this Cento out of divers writers, and that, *sine injuria*, I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own."

The "Anatomy of Melancholy," like Southey's "The Doctor," is essentially a cento, an immense collection of quotations from a very wide reading, moulded into a book by the strong personality of the compiler. Burton possessed a very individual style, Southey a remarkably correct and clear style; but to present either the "Anatomy" or "The Doctor" minus the quotations is a kind of falsification. Undoubtedly, in Burton's case this has certain advantages. It gives us Burton less hampered by his phylacteries of learning, and enables a superficial reader more quickly to establish contact with his author; moreover, the suppression of the vast number of Latin quotations may tempt timid readers to a pleasure they would otherwise neglect. And without doubt it is better a man should read a sixth of Burton than none at all. There is another point which may be urged in defence of this selection. The excessive quotation has caused Burton to be regarded too much as an oddity and mere pedantic gatherer of obscure texts. Those who read the "Anatomy" with perseverance and attention will always protest against this superficial view; but this selection does bring out clearly and unmistakably Burton's particular virtues as an original writer. His satirical verve, encyclopædic knowledge, sarcastic humour, powers of forcible and picturesque expression, the helter-skelter rush and tumble of his prose, are, as it were, underlined by Mr. Mead and Mr. Clift's selections. But nobody who has the wit to enjoy Burton as he is will want this selection; and it seems a pity that a book which has delighted several generations of English scholars and inspired more than one great English writer should be mutilated, even with the

piety of these editors and with the best of intentions. Much of interest is inevitably omitted; for example, the two pages in "Heroical Love" containing the story of Keats's "Lamia" and William Morris's "Ring Given to Venus," though probably the latter was not directly inspired by Burton.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

MADAME DE CHARRIÈRE.

The Portrait of Zélide. By GEOFFREY SCOTT. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

It is difficult not to be unfair to this book. The publisher, to begin with, sets us against it by proclaiming it "a model biography"—a bit of poor taste in any case, and in this of nonsense to boot: and the author continues the bad work by opening with three or four pages written in so pretentious a style that no reader can well be blamed who flings it down and never opens it again.

"La Tour has painted Madame de Charrière: a face too florid for beauty, a portrait of wit and wilfulness where the mind and senses are disconcertingly alert; a temperament impulsive, vital, alarming; an arrowy spirit, quick, amusing, amused."

That is how it begins; and only those who have read Mr. Scott's earlier work, "The Architecture of Humanism," can know that normally he writes much better. They, at any rate, will persist; and they will be rewarded. For, after this preliminary sweep of his lyre, Mr. Scott settles down to an adequate, though by no means extraordinary, performance.

How, then, are we to account for this heady prelude? Perhaps the author wished to make clear from the first that this would be no common biography but a piece of peculiarly subtle and refined psychology. If so, he has failed; for in this very first chapter he gives the lie to any such pretensions. Hearing on page 9 that "Her gaiety, which illumined the shadowy world she moved in, was nevertheless the mask to a profound melancholy. She was one of those whose inmost consciousness is born sceptical, and she was disillusioned even before life had destroyed the illusions she artificially created," we settle down comfortably to an afternoon of cultivated character-drawing. And on being told that "She brought a French quickness, an English *sans-gêne*, and (on her own confession) some ardent touches of the South, into a slow and solemn and passionless Dutch world. It was as though a firework were to go off—to keep going off—at a nice, orderly funeral," we surmise that the gentleman's wit will not prove too smart for the ladies on the other side of the tea-table.

So far as we can make out—our author is too fine a psychologist to do more than indicate his authorities in a final and perfunctory note—no new source of information has been tapped. Mr. Scott has studied, with exemplary care and intelligence no doubt, all the printed documents. Also, we are allowed to understand that he has studied in manuscript those letters to Constant d'Hermenches of which M. Godet published an incomplete edition in 1909; and one cannot help feeling that it would have been better for him, and much better for us, if, instead of composing this book, he had republished these letters and those of d'Hermenches in their entirety, with a long, learned, and, if that were not to be avoided, sprightly introduction. As it is, he works under a crippling contradiction. The people whose portraits he has attempted to draw habitually spoke French, and he has had to draw them in English. It is as though one should attempt to translate Miss Austen into Terburg. Mr. Scott, very properly, has allowed his characters, as far as possible, to tell their own story. But the story they have to tell is one of minute intimacies, where shades of meaning and implied sentiments, oblique references conveyed by a choice, by the order even, of words, are all important; where to understand what was said one must know exactly how it was said. Mr. Scott is, of course, an admirable French scholar; but even a scholar cannot work miracles: in proof of which we invite the curious to read "Le Cahier Rouge" or Benjamin's letters from Brunswick, published by M. Rudler.

The classical authors, we suppose, the Russians, and the Germans even, must be translated. But no one is likely

to read this book who is not perfectly familiar with French: no one unfamiliar with that language being likely to take the slightest interest in Madame de Charrière. Why then translate? Because an English book of which a third part was in French would have looked silly. That was the alternative: to which Mr. Scott has preferred the rubbing of the bloom off the pastel. That quality of intimate precision which makes everything about Benjamin Constant and his set as fascinating to some of us as last night's gossip he has allowed to evaporate. He has translated, most efficiently; and so doing has given this painstaking and in many ways admirable work an air of unreality, of an essay in biography almost, which reduces it to a level only a little above that of high-class bookmaking.

By the way, if Mademoiselle de Tuyl was born in 1740 (page 2) and married in 1773 (page 57), it is difficult to see how, on page 59, "to the astonishment of Europe (she) became Madame de Charrière" "at the age of thirty." Not but what the astonishment is comprehensible.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Cardinal Newman: a Biographical and Literary Study. By BERTRAM NEWMAN. (Bell. 8s. 6d.)

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN dominated his contemporaries by the convictions of which he was fulfilled. His fundamental belief in God's omnipotent authority, its revelation through Christ, and its delegation to an infallible Church, made mere dogmas and miracles seem more likely than not. The camel once swallowed, gnats slip down easily enough. He abhorred a stingy faith—for if a thing is probable, it is humbler and more trusting to abandon oneself to belief than to demand evidence. "Ten thousand difficulties do not make a doubt," but from a cumulation of probabilities emerges certainty; and therefore he embraced the congeries of probabilities which he found in the Church of Rome.

To his contemporaries, as to himself, it was vastly important to know what Dr. Newman believed or doubted. But the controversial grounds have shifted since then; and the hairsplittings of Occam and Aquinas are not more remote than the storm in the Tractarian tea-cup. What Newman believed still interests us, however, as a part of what he was and of what he wrote. The three aspects of his personality are inseparable, because Newman was single in his devotion to a single end. He rested "in the thought of two and two only supreme and self-evident beings"—himself and his Creator; and therefore his private life was lived to adjust and to perfect the contact between those beings; while his public charge was to bear witness to his fellow-men of this relationship. And his witness was borne in unequivocal sincerity; though his mind's eye may have been obscured, it never indulged in a wink. He never suspected his own honesty, or used his persuasive arts against himself; and therefore even conscience could make no coward of him.

There is little more to be said of Newman beyond his self-revelation in the "Apologia"—and nothing that can be so well said. Yet Mr. Bertram Newman's "Life" is not superfluous, explaining as it does the issues at stake, and the nature of Newman's adversaries. For though he lived the life of a saint, he was a saint militant, "a naked man who carries a naked sword." And the general reader, for whom this book is written, needs some hints as to what it was all about before he can enjoy Newman's breathless sword-play, and the rapture with which he dealt and suffered his controversial blows.

The book contains no new material, and no new theory, but is essentially an introduction to the already lavish Newman literature. Indeed, the lack of dogmatism is the best thing about it. Mr. Newman is not related to the Cardinal, nor is he personally concerned with the theological issues, and he therefore attains a detachment impossible to earlier biographers; his business is to restore proportion, and he goes about it straightforwardly and well. Sometimes he pertinently rights us where we had gone astray, as in the reminders that "there was nothing romantic, sentimental, or æsthetic in the origin or the beginnings of the Oxford movement"; and that Newman "was not a 'literary man.'" He has scraped together some crumbs of information about Newman's non-

theological pursuits and tastes. For instance, "it is interesting to note that one of the first uses he made of this freedom (after becoming B.A.) was to attend lectures in science, including geology, and to dabble in chemical experiments." But it is scarcely credible that Newman really admired Jane Austen, if he "regretted that her parsons lacked the one 'true Catholic ethos.'"

Mr. Newman devotes most of his space to a critical analysis of his namesake's works, each of which had reference to some "definite occasion, nearly always the motive of Newman's best writing." He sympathetically enucleates Newman's methods and his style, which "has the fundamental characteristic of all great style, in that it is the unforced though deliberate expression of a great personality, and that its eye is primarily on its object and not on itself. . . . In all its manifestations it never fails in lucidity, and in beauty of cadence." Mr. Newman's judgments are sound, and, although he is enthusiastic about his theme, he never gushes. Hurried persons who have leisure only for a single summary will find in this book a time-saving device; but still better will it profit the conscientious who wish to read Newman for themselves—for themselves to discover him, and to exclaim: "On s'attendait de voir un auteur, et on trouve un homme."

"AZORÍN OF THE ACADEMY."

Azorín: Una Hora de España. (Madrid: Caro Raggio, 5ptas.)

ACADEMIES have a way of doing surprising things. Everyone knows the names of some of the immortal Frenchmen who were never elected to the company of the French immortals. Spain has rejected fewer of her sons than France, perhaps because, since her Academy was founded, she has had fewer great names to reject. Her harvest of fame was reaped earlier, her Academy created later. Still, there are some outstanding exceptions to her comparative comprehensiveness, and one of them up till now has been "Azorín."

José Martínez Ruiz it is who is known to the Spanish-reading public of two continents by this name. He is barely fifty years of age, but for half his life he has been in the public eye as an essayist, and, some would say, as a novelist also, of unusual power. He has an extraordinarily keen sense of literary values, a wide range of interests, a highly original mind. So, although his "Rivas and Larra" stamped him as an untrustworthy literary critic scientifically, he is subjectively in the very first rank, and his short essays on the classical Spanish writers—on the much read and the little read alike—are quite inimitable and in a class apart.

But to Spanish readers Azorín is before everything a stylist. Whether or no they are right, whether his art is not too conscious to be convincing, is not here in question. He is read for his manner, and in this way his matter gets home. His short, trenchant phrases, his naïve, gentle way of questioning himself, his quietly emphatic repetitions, his disjointed paragraphs: all these are part of himself, though with another they might be affectation. In a few of his early books he did indulge in affectations of style which his good sense later threw off. In some of his most recent essays, too, his admirers have detected a tendency to parody himself to the point of absurdity, and feared a deterioration of power. But we may hope again now that his best work is still to come. For after many years Azorín has been elected to the Academy.

Few elections have been more popular. And a proof of this popularity may be seen in the success of the newly issued volume which contains his inaugural address. Here it is, just to hand, with "Azorín: de la Real Academia Española" blazoned in red and staring at us, all unfamiliarly, on the cover. It has gone into two editions in as many months: in all probability it will be reprinting rapidly when these lines are read. And certainly we have in it one of Azorín's finest evocations of the past. "One Hour of Spain" ("Una Hora de España") is its title. For so short a space of time the learned Academicians are invited to assist at a series of dream-scenes which will take them back to three decades of the Spain of the Golden Age; they are to live for one brief hour from 1560 to 1590.

The employment of this artifice allows Azorín to deliver an address which, in its form, at least, can surely never have had a parallel in the Academy's history. The same succession of sketches, portraits, reflections, landscapes, and what not is presented to that august body by their new member in the manner that his ever-widening public has learned to expect from him. But the forty-one brief chapters, in appearance even more disconnected than the chapters of their author's novels, have a real artistic unity in their central theme.

No living Spaniard has been as successful as Azorín in re-creating scenes and personalities of the sixteenth century and presenting them with the vividness of paintings from the life. For this his new book will primarily be read. All the characters in this *desfile* live: the dispatch-carrier hastening over the mountains to the Escorial and Madrid with news of Spain's great naval disaster; the shepherds with their flocks on the cold, clear, starless nights of winter, their bonfires aglow when village lights are quenched; the aged scholar dreaming in his study, alone save for the tiny Virgin which he has made his companion for fifty years.

In these chapters we have the Azorín of "Los Pueblos" and "Castilla." We know him well. But the passages in the book that will be read with the greatest interest are those which touch on the character and future of Spain. Read in the light of events which have yet to take place, they may well seem in years to come to have been the words of a seer.

Azorín, like a true son of '98, will not hear of Spain's decadence. Greatness is not in dominion, nor does power lie in pomp. The loss of the American Republics is less of a disaster than the spiritual contact with them which may—and must—be realized is a gain.

Students of modern Spain will know how real and vital is the movement within her, to which Azorín by implication refers, for closer relations with Spanish America, and more intimate understanding of her cultural developments. The recent decree concerning the future Colegio Mayor Hispano-americano in Seville, which will further this very aim, is a sign of the times and will some day be very much more. Another and still more recent announcement is that of the large Hispano-American library to be created at Santiago de Compostela. Thus from south to north of Spain, pre-occupied as she is with her internal affairs at this moment, all eyes are being turned to America. There are very many aspects of Azorín's great address on which one would gladly linger. But just now, when the consciousness that developments in Spain are quite near at hand is upon us, and she is the cynosure of all far-seeing eyes, it is well to underline and insist upon this feature of her movements, which will in the long run be foremost among the important factors of her destiny.

E. ALLISON PEERS.

LAY DOGMATISM IN EXCELSIS.

Cancer and Remedial Diet. By H. REINHEIMER. (Surbiton: Grevett. 2s. 6d.)

THE diatribe before us is another example of the opinion held by the non-medical man upon a subject, in this case the nature, origin, and "cure" of cancer, on which only someone thoroughly trained in biology and pathological histology is in any way qualified to speak. It is difficult to give a coherent idea of this book. It opens with an Introduction which assumes a knowledge of the author's previous writings and grievances.

Some of the latter are: that he has not long ago been recognized as an authority on cancer, that his theory of "symbiosis" has not been adopted by biologists, that Mr. Samson Handley, of the Middlesex Hospital, has written obscurely on cancer, and that a writer in the "Edinburgh Review" for July, 1924, has only added to the confusion.

Everything seems to be wrong with the world—"orthodox science" has neglected something called "these issues," orthodox biology in the spirit of snobbery spurns "these studies"; we all eat too much food and of the wrong kind, and we are all sunk in degeneracy and are liable to cancer because bacteria cause putrefaction of proteins in our intestines. But the indictment does not end here: the physio-

logical text-books do not enlighten us on these important matters; some distinguished zoologist has rejected Mr. Reinheimer's views on symbiosis; we are all drifting to the condition of "intellectual barnacles," in Sir E. Ray Lankester's graphic phrase.

In the opinion of Mr. Reinheimer, all those occupied in cancer research are on wrong lines, for he tells us in the chapter headed "The Dearth of Competence" that "the view that the problem of cancer can be solved principally by the use of microscopes and test-tubes is grotesque and absurd." This sentence should be carefully noted as showing the author's attitude towards the conscientious experts engaged in research.

When we enter the field of research we must put away metaphors and learn to distinguish epithelioma from carcinoma and both from sarcoma before we are entitled to have "views" of any kind. Further, since malignant growths are deviations on the part of extremely minute living cells from the morphological and physiological normal, they can only be detected by the highest powers of the microscope. To say, therefore, that the problem of cancer can be solved principally without the microscope is childish. And why are we not to use test-tubes? Must we carry out our biochemical operations in mugs or flower-pots?

In the same chapter in which we are told that "we habitually heap every conceivable rubbish upon the liver," and all because we are not vegetarians, we come upon the following gem: "Down to the details everything in our system is normally attuned and adapted to the proper fulfilment of the destiny of the carbohydrates—biologically quite as much as physiologically—since a whole symbiotic circle of life as between plant and animal has to be served simultaneously with the ends of the animal." In one place (page 24) we seem at last to get a clear-cut statement which had better be quoted:—

"I submit that in order to be competent to deal with cancer, a person should have all the following qualifications:—

- "(a) A knowledge of the stigmata of early disease,
- "(b) An understanding of the causes of the early departures from health,
- "(c) A thorough understanding of the physiology and biology of nutrition,
- "(d) A sufficient training in physiology and general biology,
- "(e) An understanding of socio-physiology (involving the economics of biological existence)."

What is not clear is whether this admirable catalogue of attainments is intended for the layman or for the student of medicine. Presumably for both, in which case (d) should have been put first on the list because in these days no one attempts the study of disease without a study of biology first.

How is a layman to become possessed of the knowledge of the early signs and causes of disease without a thorough hospital training or its equivalent? The eminent physician, the late Sir James Mackenzie, wrote shortly before his death that although he had spent all his life studying these very things, he had still a very imperfect grasp of them. With regard to (c), where is the lay candidate for dietetic illumination to learn it? Our author would not have him learn it from books, and the "orthodox" professors are "incompetent fulminating ruminants" who do not understand symbiosis. The biologists are no better, so that there is no balm in the academic Gilead and no physician there.

When on the same page we are told that orthodox science has hitherto neglected the physiology of nutrition, we are told something which is absolutely untrue. Both inside and outside the Universities there is at the present moment a very great deal of research proceeding into that problem; and indeed Mr. Reinheimer quotes the words (page 105) of Dr. J. Boyd Orr, director of an Institution for the study of this very department of Physiology.

We are very far from saying that the author of this work has not given much thought to his main thesis—the effect of diet on cancer. Had he theorized less, and accumulated more data and examined them critically, he would have produced a more convincing book. There is no doubt that many people eat too freely of animal food and that their health suffers in consequence. All conditions.

toxic or other, which lower "resistance" tend to make the tissues the seat of malignant growths. But whether we all can or must become complete vegetarians on account of this is open to debate; and we are certainly not to be attacked as criminals because we do not become vegetarians at Mr. Reinheimer's command.

D. FRASER HARRIS.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES," by Rodolfo Lanciani (Constable. 32s. 6d.), is a sumptuously produced book, illustrated with photographs. Its chapters deal with the fate of Pagan temples under the Christian Emperors, and with the Basilica of Saint Peter, the Basilica Ostiensis, the Basilica Salvatoris, the Church of the Holy Cross, &c.

Sir Frank Swettenham has written a lively travel book about North Africa in "Arabella in Africa" (Lane. 8s. 6d.). Books by foreigners describing their travels in England are nearly always interesting; "Letters from England," by Karel Capek, the author of "The Insect Play" (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.), is no exception. It, too, is a lively book and contains illustrations by the author.

The last volume in the "Roadmaker Series" is "Thomas Paine," by F. J. Gould (Parsons. 4s. 6d.). "Memoirs," by the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen (Murray. 10s. 6d.), is largely composed of Parliamentary reminiscences.

"The Great Historians," by Kenneth Bell and Gladys Morgan (Christophers. 7s. 6d.), is a new kind of anthology. It is an anthology of British history, by means of passages from historians beginning with Gibbon and ending with Dicey's "Law and Opinion." "The Making of Modern Italy," by Arrigo Solmi (Benn. 12s. 6d.), gives the history of the Italian struggle for unity from 1815 to 1918.

"The Romance of Monte Carlo," by Charles Kingston (Lane. 15s.), contains much curious and interesting information about what the author (who takes no interest in the gambling) calls a paradise by the sea for those who resist the lure of roulette.

"Little Nineteenth Century Classics" (Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. each) is a new series, very well printed and tastefully bound in Italian paper. The first volumes are: "Twenty Poems," by Robert Stephen Hawker; "Essays," by Hartley Coleridge; "Twenty Poems in Common English," by William Barnes.

In "The Domestic Problem, Past, Present, and Future" (John Castle. 3s. 6d.), Ernestine Mills discourses on servants in history, literature, and life, and on the developments which have led to what is called the present crisis. A solution is also suggested.

In "The Conquest of Cancer," the latest volume in "To-Day and To-Morrow" (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.), Dr. H. W. S. Wright states the problem of the conquest of cancer and tells us what can be done to prevent cancer.

"The Road to World Peace," by Oscar Newfang (Putnam. 12s. 6d.), deals with "world organization" and the roads to permanent peace.

"The Municipal Year-Book for 1925" (Municipal Journal, Ltd. 15s.) is a useful annual, containing a mass of information about municipal bodies.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Flower of Vengeance. By M. AUBREY-WILLIS. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.)

"Esmé avenge, the assassin's name . . ."—such was the scrawled appeal found beside the body of the stockbroker Philippe d'Agrève and the blood-stained dagger. The urbane Dutchman, Paul Van der Haegen, was arrested on suspicion but released. L'Estrange, the detective, a delightful little man, devised a scheme with the young widow, of a simple kind. Let Esmé pretend to fall in love with the sympathetic Paul and so entrap him! She did so, but, fortunately or otherwise, her pretended love became real, and she endeavoured to overcome the suspicious detective, who, moreover, was secretly in love with her. The clash of suspicions, necessity of justice, and the double emotional

situation, distract our sympathies. Was Van der Haegen, after all, innocent of the crime? We like best the episode of Cauvin, the great criminal and terror of the underworld, who was captured single-handed by the small unarmed detective.

* * *

The Rector of Maliseet. By LESLIE REID. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

It is satisfying to come upon a first novel of such exceptional quality. The author, who is a young Canadian, has perceived the home-country with an unspoiled eye and shows a fine sense of the traditional past. The lonely railway journey of Leonard Carr into the West Country, his walk at night between unknown hedges, commonplace in themselves, reveal immediately a style of simple, poetic power and sense of strangeness that rouse our expectations. The Rector of the little village in Raithshire, an impressive, rugged figure, strange and stern, dominates our vision. The unfolding of his mind's mystery, of his secret struggle against the mysterious powers of evil, and the chance which has linked him with the legend of the Abbot Ambrose who yielded, at Maliseet, to practices of black magic in the twelfth century, is subdued and strong, though the climax on the lonely heath is too concrete. The thrifty blossoming of his daughter into love for Leonard, in that atmosphere of strange gloom, has a memorable and unemphatic reality.

* * *

The City Father. By NORMAN TIPTAFT. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d.)

This study in attempted municipal reform is a pessimistic parable rather than an ordinary novel. John Lachlan, a successful manufacturer in the industrial city of Brassville, and a man of complete integrity, holding strongly the belief that a country which had organized itself so rapidly in time of war could, by a common impulse, solve the internal problems of unemployment and housing, determined, as a start, to introduce real business methods into the City Council. Elected as an Independent and armed with a singular innocence of human nature and urban politics, he attempted to cut a way through the pink stacks of tape. The City Fathers, to give them their due, took the strayed business man very calmly. Mrs. Lachlan, too, realized the hopeless idealism of her unselfish husband, and stood by him in what she regarded as a purely quixotic escapade. Canvassing, speeches, intrigue, and the secret minutes of tradition, are transcribed with realistic detail, but from the dedication we witness with certainty the gradual disillusion of a very simple-minded, but honest and public-spirited business man, and are left with cynical thoughts.

* * *

The Candlestick Makers. By LUCILLE BORDEN. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

Fate, or art, frequently overtakes the too zealous moralist; and so Hilda, the hard, selfish American society woman, unhappy, restless in her pursuit of sensation and new pernicious thought, however unpleasant, happens to be the most vital character in this book. For she moves, happily, outside the atmosphere of pietism, in which her sentimental husband, who desires children with lachrymose persistence; Faith, whose sweetness of nature and religious convictions are as perfect as her name; Diana Travers, who escapes the perils of modern life and divorce, thanks to her sound moral training, are steeped. Even the Japanese servants succumb to American emotionalism and new doctrines. However much we may agree with the sound social principles of the writer, we must regard the punishment of Hilda as an anti-climax. Having cruelly disillusioned her niece regarding the existence of the dream-child with which her lonely husband had consoled himself for many years, Hilda is attacked savagely by a parrot, which loved her niece, and succumbs in a few hours, having been accorded, in complete repentance, a dazzling vision of beatific children.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Flowering Trees and Shrubs. By A. J. MACSELF. (Thornton Butterworth. 6s.)

This book forms No. 8 in the excellent series "The Home Garden Books." It is itself excellent. The very amateur gardener does not pay nearly enough attention to the possibilities of hardy flowering trees and shrubs. In that he is extremely foolish. The hardy flowering shrub, when once established in the small garden, repays the owner better probably than anything else. What the novice requires to know is the possibilities before him, the varieties which he should try, and those which he should let alone. That information Mr. Macself supplies for him. He deals separately with, *inter alia*, shrubs for hedges, climbing

shrubs, trees and tall shrubs, robust shrubs of moderate dimensions. He also has a wise chapter on pruning and another on propagation. More advanced amateurs will also find many useful hints in the book.

* * *

The Mystery-Religions and Christianity: a Study in the Religious Background of Early Christianity. By S. ANGUS. (Murray. 15s.)

A brief, intelligible account of the mystery-religions has long been wanted, but the present book can scarcely be said to supply the need. It is clearly the outcome of much industry, but it leaves on the reader an uncomfortable impression of the accumulation rather than the mastery of material. In the matter of sources Dr. Angus's knowledge is inadequate. It is astonishing at this time of day to find a book on Greek mysteries which omits all mention of the Thracian mysteries on Mount Olympus into which St. Cyril was initiated, and of which he has left us an account of absorbing interest, quoted in full by Mr. A. B. Cook in his "Zeus." This treasure-house of learning seems unknown to Dr. Angus. Still more surprising is it to find the mysteries of Mnemosyne at Lebadeia in Boeotia passed over in silence. Owing to the fact that both Pausanias and Plutarch were initiated and have left us the account of their experiences, we know far more of the actual facts of initiation here than at Eleusis. Moreover, these mysteries are of supreme importance, as obviously they underlie the whole Platonic doctrine of anamnesis. In his ignorance of the Mnemosyne mysteries lies probably the clue to Dr. Angus's main failure. He has never grasped the fundamental fact that behind all the mystery cults of antiquity lie rites of tribal initiation—in a word, that, as Rivers and others have shown beyond doubt, *religious rites are deep-rooted in social structure*. The student will find in the book many useful facts and some sensible observations, but he will not find what he probably seeks—an intelligible account of the genesis of the rites and their subsequent development. It is an industrious compilation, nothing more.

* * *

Memorials of Albert Venn Dicey: being Chiefly Letters and Diaries. Edited by ROBERT S. RAIT. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

This book begins with the fragment of an autobiography which reveals the modesty of the late Professor Dicey's character. He belonged to the old school of learned and high-minded Victorians which is now almost extinct. His interest was in law, society, and, perhaps above all, morality, and his letters and diaries, here admirably edited, throw light both upon his general attitude towards these subjects and upon the three books for which he became known, "The Conflict of Laws," "The Law of the Constitution," and "Law and Opinion in England." Nothing could be more characteristic (or pathetic) than his complaint in 1913 in a letter to Mrs. Lichfield about "the fatigue of being old," and his remark: "I sometimes wish that I had when young been taught to do needlework or to knit. If I were able to do it, as I suppose many women can do it, without conscious thought, it would, I think, help the ease of life. You see how recklessly I write to you, for I am sure this thought I have expressed would seem to many people almost disgraceful."

* * *

The Flaming Wheel. By ST. JOHN WHITTY. (Dublin: Talbot Press, 5s.)

These Nature Studies in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, by the late Miss St. John Whitty, an Irish artist and earnest worker in the revival of local woodcarving industry, have a simple literary charm, all the more welcome since descriptions of the small life of the lush green fields and heavy hedgerows of Ireland are sufficiently rare. "The Glen in Early Spring," "In the Heart of the Granite Country," are titles to delight. The essays reveal minute observation, wayward and perhaps too elementary for the strict naturalist, but in the best of them the writer, by imaginative delicate feeling, has surprised Nature, and in "The River Pool," for instance, penned a secret beauty.

* * *

Famous Trials Retold: Some Society Causes Célèbres. By HORACE WYNDHAM. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

Another crime book! This time cases are selected in which the principals were people "in society." They range from the Duke of Cumberland (we are getting a little tired of the Duke) to poor Mrs. Osborne, who stole Mrs. Hargreave's jewels. Mr. Wyndham makes his stories short and readable. Some of them are a little thin, but he has unearthed some which are both curious and interesting, particularly the cases of Colonel Valentine Baker and of the mysterious Lady Twiss.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

INDEX NUMBERS OF SECURITY VALUES.
OIL SHARE RATES AND RUMOURS.

DULLNESS has overtaken the Stock Markets, and the jaundiced speculator has sought an outlet in "bearing" Home Rails and "bulling" platinum. Some recovery in Home Rails showed that the movement had been overdone, and it will be surprising if there is not soon a check to the upward rush of Transvaal "Devels," Hendersons, and other platinum "leaders." The prevailing dullness is shown in the decline during the past two months in the index numbers of security values published monthly by the "Investors' Chronicle." The "total" index number reached its high level for December at 115.2. For January it fell to 114.6, and for February to 114.0, though that is higher than for any month prior to December for the past five years. These index numbers are not perfect, for they do not apparently allow for accrued interest (for example, the fall of 5.6 points in two months in gold-mining securities is partly accounted for by the marking of Rand shares ex dividend), but they serve to confirm the psychological impression of dullness prevalent in the House. In contrast with the industrial and miscellaneous markets, gilt-edged securities, having reflected the fears regarding dearer money, have now reacted to a change of tone in certain official quarters.

It is noteworthy that the index of insurance ordinary shares has risen from 100.8 for March, 1924, to 128.6 for February, 1925, despite the low yields which are obtainable on the majority of these shares. We gave particulars in another column last week of the results of the Prudential Assurance. Another well-managed company with industrial and ordinary life business which has declared a rate of £2 per cent. as reversionary bonus on its ordinary participating policies, is the Britannic Assurance Company. Out of a total surplus of £314,823 on its two life branches this company allotted £115,478 to these participating policies, £30,000 to the staff pension fund, £72,000 in dividend to shareholders, and carried forward £97,345. Its total funds amount to £9,561,938, and the gross yield on its investments in 1924 was as high as £5 10s. 6½d. (£5 1s. 10½d. net). This brings out once again the importance to shareholders and with-profit policy-holders of the difference between the rate of interest earned and the valuation rates assumed on the two life branches (3 per cent. ordinary and 3½ per cent. industrial in this case). The Chairman of the Britannic Assurance denied at the annual meeting the rumours of an amalgamation between his company and the British General Insurance.

The oil share market has been depressed, chiefly by the selling of Royal Dutch and Shell, which is attributed to "insiders," but it was noticeable that "takers in" of Shell predominated and had to be content towards the end with a rate of 3 per cent. On the whole there was little difficulty in carrying over the large speculative accounts in British Controlled. The announcement that an agreement had been reached between the Iraq Government and the Turkish Petroleum Co., in which Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch Shell are interested, left those companies' shares unmoved. The Turkish Petroleum Co. receives a concession for 75 years over the whole of Iraq (except the vilayet of Basra) on a reputed royalty basis of 4s. to 4s. 6d. a ton. The Iraq oilfields are unique among the oilfields of the world for having achieved fame for twenty years, not for the oil which they contain, which has not yet been proved, but for the political storms they have aroused. If there is oil in commercial quantities we have it on the authority of a director of the company that it will be ten years before Iraq will be producing a substantial quota of the world's oil. The first step will be, we imagine, to raise more capital.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GOLD STANDARD.*

By J. M. KEYNES.

THE problem of the gold standard is often discussed as though it was a question of an automatic or self-regulated standard *versus* a managed standard. But this is not the real distinction between the orthodox party and the reforming party. The real distinction is one, not of method, but of object. The essence of a gold standard, in modern conditions, has very little to do with gold itself regarded as a commodity of intrinsic value. Its main object is to establish a uniform standard of currency, which shall be the same over a great part of the world, and which shall be independent of national politics. Unfortunately, these advantages cannot be obtained without the penalty of having to regulate our credit system, with all the far-reaching effects which this exercises over our industry and trade, with reference, not solely or even mainly to our own internal requirements, but to the conditions of credit in the world at large and more particularly in the United States. The main object of monetary reformers, on the other hand, is to evolve a standard of currency regulated primarily by reference to the requirements of the credit system at home and to the stability of internal prices, even when this is only possible at the expense of fluctuations in terms of the standards of other countries, for example, the mark or the dollar. Monetary reformers do not deny the great advantages of an international currency unit. But they think it better to evolve a good standard first (with the hope of universalizing it later if possible), thus enabling our own credit system to run smoothly—which they deem almost a necessity for industrial stability; rather than to accept an unsatisfactory international standard, in the hope of improving it later on by organized international co-operation.

But whilst the *objects* of the two schools are thus contrasted, the *methods* of currency management, which each would have to employ to attain its object, are almost exactly the same. A fully automatic and self-regulating metallic standard has not existed in this country since the eighteenth century, and perhaps it was not fully automatic even then. The best, and indeed almost the only, example of such a thing in the twentieth century was the Egyptian currency immediately before the war. Where most of the business of a country is carried on by means of a credit system of the modern type, central management of the currency becomes a necessity. The best example of an attempt under modern conditions to reduce the element of central management to a minimum was to be found in the United States under their pre-war organization prior to the establishment of the Federal Reserve system. This state of affairs proved so disastrous, particularly in the crisis of 1907, that it became the preoccupation of all thinking American bankers to evolve a managed system.

The course of events in England during the nineteenth century is instructive. The wars of Napoleon brought an inconvertible managed currency for a period of more than twenty years, just as the Great War has brought us the same thing for a period of more than ten years. Then, as now, the management, under the appalling difficulties of war and post-war conditions, was open to criticism. The relation of Government finance to inflation and deflation was not fully understood. Then, as now, vicious war finance was allowed to breed inflation and virtuous post-war finance to breed deflation. Then, as now, the orthodox party proclaimed that the one thing necessary was to restore gold-convertibility; and a little more than a hundred years ago the deed was proudly done. The results were shocking. We suffered twenty years of successive credit maladjustments and crises, the most disturbed and troubled we have ever known, barely escaping revolution.

* An Address delivered before the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons, March 18th, 1925.

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The growing discontents of the business world culminated in the famous reform embodied in the Bank Act of 1844. This peculiar Act is largely responsible for the myth about our having an automatic gold standard, which persists in the newspapers to this day. The reformers of that time, led by Lord Overstone, perceived that our troubles came from our pretending to have an automatic gold standard whilst really having an unmanaged credit system. Their solution consisted in laying down the principle that, whilst credit-money should still be allowed within limits, it should be made to behave exactly as it would behave if it were actually made of gold. This reform, if it had worked as its authors intended, would indeed have resulted in the virtual abolition of the credit system and the restoration of something very like an automatic gold standard. But in dealing with credit-money, the authors of the reform thought only of banknotes and forgot bank-deposits. Thus the effect was not to crush the credit system, but only to drive it from note-issue banking into deposit banking; and the main ostensible object of the Act was quite defeated. The real reform came by a side wind. The Act increased the authority of the Bank of England, and the adoption of the reformers' ideas about the Bank's Discount Policy, which were not embodied in the Act at all, gradually led to our at last obtaining a Managed Credit System. On this system, for fifty years, we flourished moderately.

I am afraid that this historical digression has been a little long. I return to my point that the credit system of this country will be a managed system *anyhow*. No one supposes that we can fix our normal gold reserve at (say) 40 per cent. of our aggregate note issue and then leave it to the commissionaires of the Bank of England to announce that the bank rate has gone up or down according as the reserve has fallen below or has risen above the percentage adopted as normal. To avoid sudden and injurious fluctuations, it will be necessary for the Bank of England to exercise the utmost foresight and to take steps long in advance of the actual inflow and outflow of gold, and, on the other hand, to ignore movements of gold when, in their judgment, such movements are due to exceptional and temporary causes. When the Bank Court thinks that it must act, its weapons will be Bank Rate and, at times, the purchase or sale of Government Securities. A managed currency, which aims at stability of internal prices and of internal credit, will operate in just the same way. The same amount of foresight will be necessary, and the instruments of action will be the same. Nothing will differ except the object. Under the gold standard the object will be to keep the percentage of gold in reserve within a certain number of points above or below a normal figure. Under the Stable Purchasing Power Standard the object will be to keep (say) the Board of Trade Index Number within a certain number of points above or below a normal figure. Apart from the initial difficulty of whatever is unfamiliar, I do not think that any more skill is required to work the one system than to work the other,—because in either case the technical problems, both of prognostication and of control, are essentially the same.

At any rate, on this occasion it is the Monetary Reformers who are the cautious folk. My concrete proposal is, after all, not very alarming—namely, that we should continue, broadly speaking, under the same legislation and employing the same methods and machinery of management as during the past two years, but with this difference, that we should have as our object the stability of internal prices and the adequacy of internal credit to the requirements of our own trade and industry, instead of the gradual deflation of our prices relatively to those in the United States. The new problem before the Bank of England would not be any more difficult than their present problem.

On the other hand, to declare at an early date that we bind our currency-unit irrevocably to gold, is certainly rash. We should not be returning to the pre-war system. We should be taking the risks of a new and unknown predicament. For we should be trying to run a managed credit system disguised as an automatic gold standard, in the totally new conditions created by our

indebtedness to America, the concentration of gold in America, and the establishment of the Federal Reserve System in America. Certainly we should no longer call the tune. A movement of gold to or from America, which would drain or swamp us, would be almost unnoticed by them. Certainly conditions in America would play a bigger part in determining our bank rate and our credit conditions than the needs of our own trade. Certainly we should run the risk of having to curtail or raise the price of credit to our own industries, merely because an investment boom in Wall Street had gone too far, or because of a sudden change of fashion amongst Americans towards foreign bond issues, or because the banks in the Middle West had got tied up with their farmers, or because the American President was dead, or because the horrid fact that every American had ten motor-cars and a wireless set in every room of every house had become known to the manufacturers of these articles. Alternatively, we might be swamped with cheap American money upon which we could not rely.

With our industries in their present struggling condition and employment at its present level, I reckon it of the first importance that we should keep the control of our internal credit system in our own hands. We are not in a condition to stand shocks or storms. I think that we shall make a big mistake if we expose ourselves to them, merely for the convenience—for really it is little more—of a fixed rate of exchange with the dollar. Any important change in the cost of living and the general level of prices, whether up or down, will endanger industrial peace. Every contraction of credit, brought about by the external situation and not required to check an incipient boom at home, will take away from the employer the possibility of expanding, or even of maintaining, the amount of work on hand.

Mr. McKenna, after defending the gold standard by pointing out its disadvantages, ended up with the naughty expectation that it will probably depreciate in



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the long run and so give us a little inflation without loss of apparent respectability. I think that his forecast is very probable. But I am concerned only secondarily with the long-run value of gold, whether up or down. My pressing concern is with the short-period fluctuations round the mean value, and with losing the control over our credit system, which we might have used, if only we paused to think, for the mitigation of the curses of unemployment and trade instability.

The worst of this controversy is that nine-tenths of it is carried on by people who do not know the arguments on either side. But perhaps that is true of all controversies. Nevertheless, one who is in the minority must make the best he can of what practical politics permit. The leaders of all three political parties have strapped on their blinkers and have decided to see nothing ahead except gold-convertibility as our ultimate objective. Let me therefore offer three concrete proposals, not incompatible with their declarations, the adoption of which would reduce the risks I have been describing:—

(1) Whatever happens, the idea of restoring gold-convertibility by allowing the existing embargo on the export of gold to lapse on January 1st next is needlessly rash. It would only serve to commit us in advance to do something in circumstances we cannot foresee, which we should not do voluntarily with our eyes open. Those who were in favour of the discarded policy of deflation naturally want to commit us in advance to the possibility of its reimposition. All those, however, who were opposed to the deflation policy of two or three years ago, should carefully avoid this trap. An announcement in advance of the impending removal of the embargo could have only two objects—to commit us to what we should not do with our eyes open, and to assist the immediate return of sterling towards parity by stimulating speculation on the exchanges. The second object is as foolish as the first; for speculation in favour of sterling will be followed by an equal and opposite reaction which will increase our difficulties later. It is desirable, therefore, to pass a Bill continuing the embargo *subject to the discretion of the Treasury* to remove it, when they judge it wise to do so. Is it not clear that the removal of the embargo should be the *last* stage of the transition—not to be accomplished until after sterling has been maintained at par *de facto* for some considerable time?

(2) The return to convertibility probably involves the amalgamation of the Currency Note Issue with the Bank of England Note Issue. The terms of the amalgamation present some interesting problems. It would be well to get this question out of the way, before touching the embargo. If this is done, the future convertibility of the new note should be fixed, not in terms of sovereigns, but in terms of bullion. That is to say, the Bank of England should be liable, not to cash individual notes in sovereigns, but to provide gold bullion against notes in amounts of not less than £1,000 at a time. This would avoid risk of the return of sovereigns into circulation.

(3) The right to send gold to the Mint should be restricted to the Bank of England, and the Bank's price for gold bullion offered by importers should be left to the Bank's discretion. This would enable the normal buying price for gold to be fixed somewhat higher than was the case before the war, above the fixed par of convertibility. It would also leave the Bank discretion not to buy additional gold if, in its judgment, we were in danger of being flooded. I attach great importance to this provision.

There would be room for an interesting Currency Bill on these lines. Being an impenitent economist, I should still be dissatisfied at the slowness of our statesmen to adopt the real cures, which lie to their hand, for some of our present evils. But if I was an industrialist, I should, if these suggestions were adopted, look forward to the near future with less anxiety.

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